

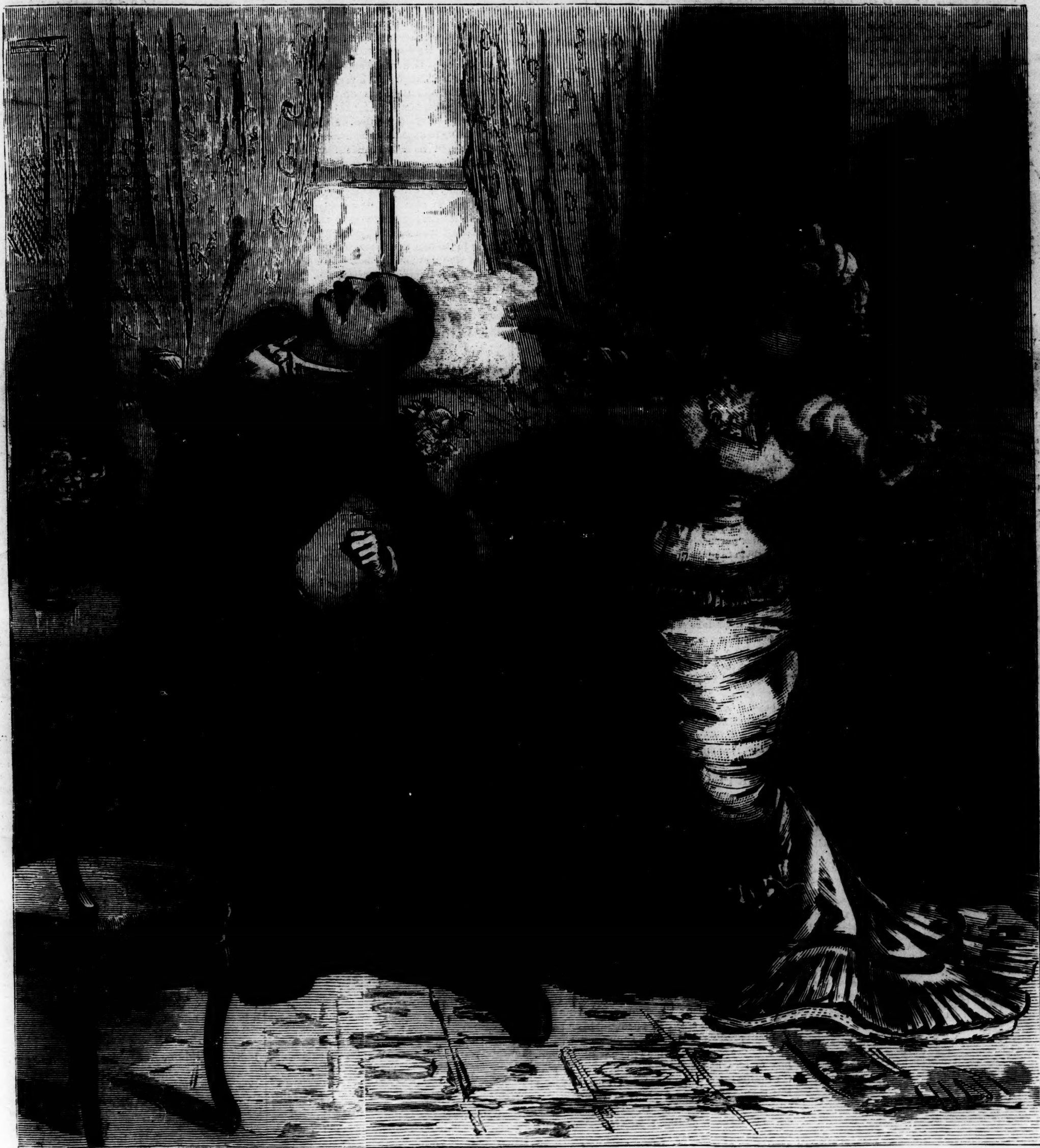
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXV.—No. 109.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



"HE HAS SCORNF ME AFTER ALL THAT I HAVE DONE FOR HIM AND HE SHALL DIE." THE TRAGIC CONCLUSION TO A HIGH-PRESSURE SENSATIONAL ROMANCE WHICH MISS FLORENCE McDONALD, THE DISCARDED MISTRESS OF MANAGER HICKEY, ENDEAVORED TO WRITE WITH A PISTOL, IN THE PARLOR OF THE BURNET HOUSE, CINCINNATI.—SEE PAGE 6.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

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CAUTION.

We desire to notify the public that the GAZETTE has undergone a radical change in artistic and literary standing and in moral tone. It is, as now conducted, simply an illustrated record of current events, nothing of an improper character or inconsistent with the sphere of legitimate illustrated journalism being allowed in its columns. It has no connection whatever with any imitations closely copying its title for the purpose of profiting by its advertising and reputation. The GAZETTE frequently suffers, in various ways, from this confusion of titles and we desire to warn the public in the matter. ASK FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, OF NEW YORK; see that the title, of publication place and name of the publisher are plainly set forth.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.
2, 4, & 6 Reade street, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

Parties who cannot obtain the Gazette from any news-dealer, when asked for, will confer a favor on the publisher by notifying us of that fact, and forwarding name and address of dealer.

- T. W. T., New Albany, Ind.—Of local interest only.
J. F. R., Norwich, Conn.—Your manuscript is illegible.
G. W. W., Union City, Ind.—Portrait appears; will forward amount.
W. H. P., Montreal.—Could not use so personal an item without a voucher.
C. H. C., Independence, Mo.—Had received and illustrated it before yours arrived.
CORRESPONDENT, Norwich, Conn.—Many thanks; it answered the purpose. Further by mail.
DETECTIVE TAYLOR, Bridgeport, Conn.—Much obliged, but we had a portrait on hand, which we thought better.
W. R. M., Paris, Ky.—Portrait published; will send amount to your address. As to the other, send it along and will see.
C. D. P., Honesdale, Pa.—Will appear in our next; arrived too late for this issue, in view of press of other matters. Thanks.
A. A. J., Fort Brown, Tex.—Could not illustrate the matter this week, as it was received too late and we had a press of subjects.
G. S., Coffeyville, Kan.—Matter held over; could not find room for it this week. May use it in our next if it has not lost its interest.
SHERIFF COMSTOCK, Janesville, Wis.—Will appear in our next; arrived too late for this issue. Thanks for the attention. Amount will be forwarded.
I. J., Elm Flat, Mo.—1st—Don't know anything about it. 2nd—Don't know anything about it, don't know any one who knows anything about it, and don't want to.
R. B. S., Reading, Pa.—Have attended to the request. The party could do nothing if the newsdealers stood their ground, as it was a matter of perfectly legitimate news.
C. C. H., Hodgenville, Ky.—You may send it. We have no doubt already published the circumstances. Will pay what it is worth to us; cannot say, as you do not name the case.
F. M. H., Wellford, S. C.—We published all the facts of the case which we deemed of interest to our readers in general in June last, and see no reason for republishing the same at this time.
F. S. W., Delaware, O.—Will accept anything of general interest not previously published which you may send. They will be more valuable if accompanied by sketches of occurrences and portraits.
L. G. B., Bradford, Pa.—Matter published; very acceptable. Will remit amount to your address. Should have been glad to have had you act for us in the other, but had already made arrangements for the event.
W. C. S., Portland, Ind.—Much obliged for the attention, but the affair was a matter of local interest solely, and we could not consistently find space for it to the exclusion of occurrences of general interest. Will return photos.
O. J. L., Arlington, Tex.—Could not get the hang of the matter or matters—there seemed to be several—and all so mixed that it was impossible to make out which was which. Besides, press of matters of more general interest allowed us no room for illustrating any of the incidents.
F. E. G., South Pueblo, Col.—Should like to oblige you, but with the pressure of so many affairs of interest to all our readers we really cannot find space for one that would possess no possible interest except to a limited circle of persons in one town. Thanks for kind opinions.
R. W. L., Batesville, Ark.—Appreciate the service, but your letter, like the preceding one, was a week later than it should have been, and we therefore could make no use of it. Don't see why it could not have arrived in time for our preceding issue, since the occurrence took place a week previous. Will return photos.
E. W. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—Had already obtained them. Had we not it would have been too late after consuming so much time in correspondence. We would say to all correspondents, as well as to yourself, in this connection, that important matters should be forwarded to us at once. If we use them we will of course pay for them; if we do not the sender will be none the worse off, and no time will have been lost in any event.

THE GAZETTE FOR THIS WEEK.

We trust we shall be pardoned for the seeming egotism of calling attention to what we really, with all due modesty, claim as the conspicuous excellence and attractiveness of the current issue of the GAZETTE. The week has been one fraught with occurrences of a startlingly sensational character or attended by circumstances that rendered them of general interest, such as we remember to have seen condensed in no similar space of time. To each and all of these we have devoted special attention and have spared no pains or expense in laying before our readers the fullest and most accurate pictorial representation of events respecting which the public interest has been excited to a remarkable degree. The terribly sensational tragedy at the Burnet House, in Cincinnati; the trial of the Rev. Herbert H. Hayden, the Connecticut preacher, accused of murdering his alleged mistress; the trial of Joseph A. Blair for the murder of his coachman; the astounding robbery of a passenger railway train by masked desperadoes, only a few miles from Kansas City, and last, but by no means least, the great boat race on Chautauqua Lake, not to speak of minor, but scarcely less locally noteworthy events, all of which have been carefully and accurately sketched for the GAZETTE by our regular or special artists, attest to our efforts and substantiate our claim of offering to the public a real, live and trustworthy illustrated record of the leading occurrences of the day, in a manner that has scarcely been attempted and certainly has never been reached by any rival publication hitherto.

In all of these matters, whenever possible or worthy of presentation we have accompanied the illustration with authentic portraits of the leading actors in the events described. In several cases obtaining them by means of an amount of journalistic enterprise and an expenditure of money and labor which would no doubt appear to many to be ridiculously disproportionate to the actual value of the case, but which we regard as cheap at whatever expenditure in view of our promise and intention to maintain the lead in all that constitutes legitimate illustrated journalism.

In short, we feel that we have given our readers this week an exceptionally excellent and attractive paper, one which it would be difficult to equal; and which has certainly never been excelled in its proper sphere. We call attention to it because, chiefly, we wish to assure our readers that we intend it to be a sample of what the GAZETTE is to be consistently in the future—namely, a thorough and reliable pictorial transcript of our time.

We should be glad to have the public compare it with the cotemporary sheets which, as spurious imitations of its style and poachers upon its title, are palmed off upon the public who are deceived by this purposely assumed resemblance of name into buying inferior publications for whose inferiority and depraved moral tone the GAZETTE is frequently held responsible by buyers who do not take the trouble to discriminate in the matter. In this connection we wish to warn the public against purchasing sheets which may be thrust upon them in place of the GAZETTE by the assurance that they are one and the same. The name of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, the place of its publication and the name of its publisher are plainly inscribed on every issue. The inferior imitations which steal its title, as far as they dare, are issued anonymously. We desire the public to note this fact and, while forming the natural conclusion as to the character of publications conducted in this dark-lantern fashion, to remember to guard against being thereby imposed upon by asking for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE of New York and refusing to take any other, no matter how similar the title, that may be thrust upon them.

QUEER PHASE OF BRITISH SNOBBERY

The two celebrated "professional" British beauties, Mrs. Langtry, alias the "Jersey Lily," and Mrs. Cornwallis West, alias something else, have recently heightened measurably their respective sensationalities by appearing as plaintiffs in a London police court in libel suits against the editor of a shabby sheet who had made unkind, it is said untrue, but certainly not unnatural remarks in his paper concerning them. What he said of Mrs. Cornwallis West was that she was in the habit of calling on photographers and asking for commissions on her photographs. Of course this sounds like rather small business to allege of a lady who basks in the smile of nobility, royalty and all the rest of it, but in view of the fact that Mrs. Cornwallis West has done her best to encourage the public exhibition of herself in photographers' shops and the parading of her name in connection therewith, the charge appears like a not unnatural coupling of idea and suggestion. Moreover, if Mrs. Cornwallis is a thrifty person, and if not, why not? why should she not, as a matter of fact, receive a portion of the profits to which, by all square business rules, she is entitled? But Mrs. Cornwallis West was let down very easily by the editor of the shabby sheet aforesaid in comparison to what he did to the poor "Jersey Lily," of whom he alleged the awful allegation that her husband was seeking

a divorce because of the too-familiar dalliance of his Royal-Ighness-you-know, with the poor, fair, frail flower. To be sure all England had been saying pretty much the same thing, or at least intimating that if Mr. Jersey Lily wasn't looking for a divorce it was high time he was up and doing in that direction, unless he was willing to allow himself to be written down a mouse and not a man. To be sure, also, the lady herself had been industriously endeavoring to have the public believe this very thing, and neither her personal satisfaction nor her social distinction had ever been, apparently, so great as when she was supposed to have neared if she had not already arrived at the proud eminence of being added to the royal harem as the favorite concubine of the distinguished nobody who will one day occupy the most exalted position of uselessness in the British Kingdom. Nevertheless when this position was put into the verbal shape that would have been the natural presentation of the case, supposing it to have been as the Jersey Lily was, apparently, more than willing it should appear to be, where ordinary husbands of average manhood are involved, then Mrs. Langtry gets mad, if we dare imagine so superlatively charming a creature animated by any sort of passion, and Mr. Langtry sues an individual for uttering an alleged slander which every cad and costermonger in cockneydom had been mouthing as a sweet morsel for months and months.

Of course it is a despicable thing to slander a lady, and Mr. Langtry did a very right and manly thing, if he has faith in his wife's virtue, to testify publicly to that fact when it has been so freely and so widely called into question. At the same time it can scarcely be denied that both the "professional" beauties and their husbands have themselves chiefly to blame that their names and faces have become public property with which any cad who chooses may take liberties unrestrained.

The fact is that this "professional beauty" business is most revolting to good taste. Our very numerous British critics, hypercritical to the last degree in passing upon everything American, are fond of dilating upon the lack of refinement and the lower social tone of American life. But where in American society could a parallel be found, so essentially vulgar, so disgustingly snobbish, to the characteristically British social enormity of the "professional beauty" business?

The Hanlan-Courtney Fizzle.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

MAYVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16.—The great "contest of the oars" between Hanlan and Courtney—that great aquatic event which for months past has been the one theme of conversation in sporting circles—is now a thing of the past.

Hanlan rowed over the course at five o'clock at the rate of thirty strokes to the minute. The time was not fast.

Trouble is anticipated over the prize. Courtney is strongly condemned and should he make his appearance he would be roughly handled.

About eight thousand people will have to remain here over night.

Courtney, owing to both his boats having been destroyed by malicious or interested parties during the night, was out of the race—there being no boat available that would suit him—so Hanlan rowed over the course, and claims the six thousand dollar purse.

When it became generally known that Courtney's boats had been tampered with and rendered useless, it was thought that the race would be postponed to some future date, but Referee Blaikie decided that the race should take place at the time appointed, hence the "walk-over" for Hanlan. There was much dissatisfaction at the referee's decision, and hundreds left the lake by every train long before the hour set down for the race. The disgust was general—everybody except Hanlan's backers and friends giving vent freely to their disgust and disappointment.

A meeting of the representatives of the press was called for three o'clock this afternoon for the purpose of ascertaining what fraud exists at the bottom of the fizzle. Mr. Soule, of the Hop Bitters Company was present and said that the \$6,000 would not be paid to Hanlan unless Courtney rowed; the agreements show that there must be a race before the prize could be paid. Soule says this prize was offered for the people to see one honest race between the two men. The affair has been branded by all the newspaper men as a gigantic fraud.

Mr. Soule, the giver of the prize, has offered a reward of \$1,000 for the conviction of the parties who cut Courtney's boat. A committee has been appointed of representatives of the press to call on Courtney and ascertain, if possible, the object for which his shell was cut.

The weather to-day was charming, with a pleasant breeze blowing down the course. Hanlan and Courtney were in excellent condition, both being confident of success. Thousands of people were hourly arriving from all quarters, and the excitement was at fever heat.

During the night large crowds arrived from the lower oil regions and adjacent towns. The town was fairly packed. About the depot crowds loitered and discussed the prospects of the race. Gamblers and other sharpers stationed themselves at every corner, and carried on their barefaced system of fleecing with astonishing results. The betting before the hour for the start changed a trifle in favor of the Union Springs sculler, 80 to 100 finding takers.

The Truman Murder.

A. A. Shissler, charged with the murder of George

Truman, late clerk of the quarter sessions, of Philadelphia, was brought on the 10th, before Judge Allison upon a writ of habeas corpus, that an effort might be made to have him released upon bail. The witnesses who appeared before the coroner were called and examined and the testimony adduced was substantially the same as that published heretofore. Judge Allison said that the evidence would not warrant a verdict by a jury in the first degree, and would therefore admit the prisoner to bail in the sum of \$7,000.

The Butler Fratricide.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

About half-past 4 o'clock on the morning of the 8th Robert Butler a farmer, residing in bachelor quarters on a place known as the "King farm," on the west branch of Tuna creek, near Bradford, Pa., got into an altercation with his brother Henry, who had called the previous night to pay him a visit. Both men had been drinking considerably and had fallen into a quarrelsome mood, and finally fell to blows over some trifling matter. Afterward they went out of doors and while near the premises clinched, when Robert, drawing a pistol, pressed it against his brother's body and fired. A neighbor named King came to the rescue, and Henry was carried into the house, where he soon died. Robert was at first stupefied with the result of his act, and did not seem to realize the fatal deed, but afterward regained his senses and gave way to despair at the enormity of his deed. The best of feeling had existed between the brothers, and the quarrel and its fatal consequences were due entirely to the influence of the liquor which they had imbibed to the extent of rendering them both crazy drunk. Robert was locked up to await legal proceedings against him. An authentic illustration of the scene of the murder and correct portrait of the fratricide are given on another page.

Sellers' Option.

A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer alleges the following concerning the Raymond divorce case: The particulars of John T. Raymond's (Colonel Sellers) divorce appear to show that a quiet arrangement was made between the parties. The defendant did not contest the suit. The principal witness, a woman, gave her testimony before a referee only upon condition that her name should be withheld. The action was upon the ground of adultery, the co-respondent being Mary Gardner Hemmingway, of New York. The trial occupied only a few minutes, and "Colonel Sellers" wrote to the opposing counsel, thanking him for the courtesy he exhibited in conducting the case.

Mrs. Raymond, who now resumes her maiden name, Marie Gordon, is a native of the South, very good-looking and a tolerably good actress. She has lately been in Europe for several months, and she and her husband have been practically separated for a year past. The real trouble between Raymond and his wife is because Raymond has been living with a well-known actress. The woman Hemmingway was made a convenience of to help on the divorce.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present this week an attractive portrait of Miss Jennie Yeamans, the handsome and talented young character actress and burlesque artiste. For one so young, being not now over seventeen, Miss Yeamans has achieved a widely extended fame, having been on the stage from a very early age, and she has always acquitted herself in such excellent manner as to attract attention even in extreme youth. While playing as a child in "Humpty Fox" her talent was first noticed and warmly praised, and since that time she has been almost constantly before the public, and has now deserved success on the burlesque and variety stage, as well as in the legitimate line. She made quite a hit in the new frontier drama of "Mitt" on its first production, at the Olympic, in September and is now starring in that play through the country.

Opera Bouffe.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Opera bouffe, the mirthful and mirth-inspiring offspring of Melody and Momus, which, though of foreign birth, has found so warm a welcome and so congenial a home on our soil, has inspired our artist's pencil to the production of reminiscences of the rollicking muse of the lyric stage as encountered on the boards of our theatres during the present season, and among which, as presented on another page, lovers of mirth and music will recognize, such familiar figures as "Madame Angot's Daughter," "La Marjolaine," "Les Cloches de Corneville," and others.

The Lost Balloonists.

[With Portraits.]

On another page, we present portraits of Professor John Wise, the famed aeronaut, and Mr. George Burr, his companion in the balloon voyage on which they embarked from St. Louis, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 28th, since which time no tidings whatever of them have been received, and which almost certainly resulted in the death of both the voyagers, probably, according to general supposition, by the descent of their balloon into Lake Michigan, towards which they were last seen to be nearing.

Wm. B. Riddle, Accused of Wife-Murder.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give an authentic portrait of Wm. B. Riddle, the cotton manufacturer of Norwich, Conn., now confined in prison in that place awaiting trial on the charge of having murdered his wife by poison. A full account of the case, which promises to even exceed in sensational features the famous Cobb-Bishop case of so similar a character which so recently excited the same city, was published in our preceding issue.

DESPERATE DARING.

The Most Audacious Deed in the History of American Criminal Enterprise.

NIGHT VISITATION

Of a Gang of Masked Desperadoes on a Railroad Train, Almost in Sight of a City, With the Result of

A GRAND CLEANING OUT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 9.—One of the most daring and successful robberies ever perpetrated anywhere in Missouri was that which was last night committed upon the Chicago & Alton east-bound passenger train, which left here at 6 o'clock last evening for Chicago and St. Louis. The scene of the train robbery was the little road station known on the time card as Glendale. The total population of the hamlet cannot exceed a dozen souls, and its name is the largest part of its population. In future, though, it will have a record. Like the once unknown villages of Arbela, Malplaquet or Waterloo, it now

JUMPS SUDDENLY INTO FAME.

Keeping the little post-office at the place is a man of recent agrarian pursuits who combines with his duties of postmaster those which pertain to the management of a "general store." Besides this there are at Glendale only the office of the telegraph operator at the station and one or two other houses. The place is six miles east of Independence, and the surrounding country is half a wilderness.

At this little store and post-office there were last night gathered a half dozen men—the population of the vicinity. They were seated about upon boxes and barrels, discussing the live issues of that section, when a stranger entered, and tapping the proprietor authoritatively on the shoulder, said:

"I want you."

"What do you want?" asked the minion of Uncle Samuel.

The new-comer said nothing in reply, but stepping to the door summoned to his side a half dozen rough-looking fellows who came into the room with cocked revolvers, and gruffly ordered the occupants of the room to "make tracks" for the depot. Resistance was so far from useless as to be absurd, and the unhappy and trembling grangers fled away to the depot building. Here they were ordered to "sit down, act clever and keep still" unless they wanted their heads blown off with neatness and dispatch. The farmers

SAT AS STILL AS MICE.

In the meantime the strange men, who were masked, with the exception of one man, who appeared to be the leader, had been joined by another gang of men of about equal numbers, and these last men had under guard the operator at the telegraph station. Then they tore the instruments out of his office and destroyed them.

"Now I want you to lower that green light," said the unmasked man to the operator, pointing to the signal lantern which hung aloft.

"But the train will stop if I do that," remonstrated the son of Morse.

"That's just what we want it to do, my buck, and the sooner you obey orders the better. I will give you a minute to lower the light," and he forced the muzzle of a cocked revolver into the young man's mouth.

The operator looked up along the bright barrel, and a glance satisfied all his lingering doubts as to whether the owner would shoot or not when the minute expired. He weakened—who wouldn't with a pistol down his throat?—and

LOWERED THE SIGNAL.

This change in the position of the green signal is simply an order to conductors of passenger trains to stop and receive fresh instructions. Lest through any mishap the train should not stop, the desperadoes piled upon the track a mass of rock which it subsequently required the labor of four train men to remove. If the train didn't stop through the action of the engineer's lever they intended that it should stop in consequence of natural laws.

The passengers might be killed to the number of a score or so, but the train must stop, anyway.

All this occurred just after nightfall. It was about eight o'clock when the whistle of the locomotive sounded from out the darkness in the west. The train dashed up to the station and stopped. The conductor, Greenman, jumped off upon the platform and started towards the operator's office for his instructions. He was covered by a pair of revolvers before he had taken three steps, and although he made some resistance, he was unable to

ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING EFFECTIVE.

The engineer and fireman were already gazing into the ends of a brace of weapons brought to bear upon each, and could do nothing.

To the former one of the masked men said:

"Hand me that coal hammer of yours."

"What do you want of it?"

"Hand it here damned quick, or you'll never have use for another."

The hammer was handed.

Then the masked men attacked the doors of the express car. Within was the messenger, Wm. Grimes. He had in his safe thousands of dollars of the company's money and bravely refused to surrender when admittance was demanded, coupled with threats of death if he refused it. While the robbers were at work upon the door with their hammers, a patrol was scattered along the line of the train and a constant discharge of fire-arms was made, probably for the purpose of

INTIMIDATING THE PASSENGERS.

Many of the latter were much alarmed. A hurried

secretion of valuables was made in places thought to be least subject to search, but the robbers did not attempt to enter the passenger coaches. During this time, also, the express messenger had hastily opened the safe, taken from it a large sum of money, placed it in his satchel, relocked the safe, and then endeavored to escape by the opposite door. But his effort was too late, and it would have been foiled in any event, for both doors of the car were guarded. As he was about to open the opposite door the robbers entered by the door which they had beaten in, and Grimes was knocked down by a heavy blow dealt him on the back of the head with the butt of a revolver. The robbers took from him the key of the safe, threw it out, seized the bag of money, put the conductor aboard, suffered the telegraph operator, who said he would "see the place in hell" before he would stay there any longer, to get aboard the train, and then ordered the engineer to pull out and not to let the ties grow under him. The train moved away, and

THE ROBBERY WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

The time occupied in its commission was about thirty minutes. The engineer and some of those who inspected those revolver muzzles thought it was several hours, but they are influenced witnesses.

As soon as the train departed the masked robbers gathered their horses into a squad, the leader served a parting warning upon the inmates of the little depot not to stir for fear of their lives, and then the whole party rode away in a southeasterly direction, uttering wild whoops of exultation over their success.

The postmaster and his companions waited a few moments and then broke open the door of their guard house and issued forth to discuss the stirring event. No trace of the robbers was left behind. They had disappeared as they had come, without announcing their intentions, and the citizens of Glendale had

CONJECTURES ONLY TO FEED UPON.

They could communicate with no one by telegraph, for not only were the means of so doing destroyed, but the operator had disappeared, and they had no knowledge of where he had gone.

The first news of the robbery which was received in this city was contained in a telegram to the Times, sent from Blue Springs, the next station east of Glendale on the Chicago & Alton. Before midnight, the story had become the property of every one who was upon the streets.

The loss of the express company is not accurately known. Mr. Treat, the agent of the company in this city, says that he cannot even make an estimate of the same, as there was through matter from the west of which only the messenger would have knowledge. It is thought, however, that the figures are very large, and it may be that \$30,000 will not make the company good for

THE NIGHT'S WORK OF THE ROBBER.

The descriptions given of the man who acted as leader of the gang are very accurate copies of the portrait of the notorious outlaw and desperado who has made himself so famous on Missouri soil—Jesse James. He and one other man were unmasked. The rest of the party, eighteen in number, were masked. It is believed by the officers of the company that the work was performed under the leadership of James.

In boldness, the care and foresight displayed in the arrangement of the details, and the whole conduct of the successful undertaking, all point to him as the man most likely to be the originator and principal executor of the plan. It was known that Jesse James was in this city during one day of the fair, and it seems not at all improbable that he has resumed his old profession in the vicinity of his old stamping ground.

At midnight a special train bearing Marshal Liggett and a posse of deputies left for Glendale, and as vigorous a pursuit as can be stimulated by the natural desire to catch the desperadoes, and the large rewards offered by the company, will be at once begun.

Ex-Cashier Patrick Lynch, of Syracuse.

[With Portrait.]

A decided sensation has been created in Syracuse, N. Y., by the announcement that suit had been brought in the United States Circuit Court against Patrick Lynch, of that city, cashier and general manager of the defunct People's Savings Bank, which went into liquidation in September, 1872, under circumstances generally believed to have been peculiar. The institution was chiefly trusted by the poorer classes, who were greatly shocked at the time of its failure. Its affairs have since been in the hands of Charles S. Symonds, of Utica, and Daniel Pratt, of Syracuse, assignees.

The action is brought to recover \$400,000, funds of the bank alleged to have been misappropriated by Mr. Lynch while manager of the bank. He has had possession of the books of the bank until within two months, when they were surreptitiously abstracted from his possession and handed over to the assignees. This piece of business is supposed to have been done by a discharged employee of Mr. Lynch. The books, it is said, disclose the fact that \$400,000 were embezzled by erasures of credits and substitutions of worthless collateral in place of good securities.

Mr. Lynch, who is one of the richest men in that part of the State, denies in toto the whole transaction, and says it is instigated by a spirit of revenge. The bank has already paid dividends to the depositors to the amount of seventy-five per cent. Commercial circles are greatly agitated by the movement, the result of which will be watched with interest.

An authentic portrait of Mr. Lynch appears on another page.

A Leadville jury recently got mad at the judge and ordered the sheriff to lock the judge up for a couple of weeks. "Just to take some of the style out of him." And to his honor's great exasperation he was incontinently lugged off to jail, and is now in durance vile, while the case is going quietly on with the most popular barkeeper in town occupying the judicial chair.

SINGLE OR DOUBLE.

A Cold-Blooded Murder Which Involves Either the Wife of the Victim or her Alleged Paramour, or Both, With a Lurid Back-Ground of Vicious Motive.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

An extraordinary murder was brought to light in West Orange, N. J., on Thursday, the 9th inst. About half past 9 o'clock, on the evening of that day, Mr. J. Clinton Pierson, who teaches school near the St. Cloud House, on the Orange Mountains, appeared at the police station in Orange, N. J., and reported that he had reason to believe that John Meierhoffer, a prosperous German farmer, had been murdered in the cellar of his own house by Frank Lammons, a farm laborer who had been in his employ about six weeks. Pierson said that about five weeks ago he began teaching school at Rocky Spring, on the Northfield road, taking board in Meierhoffer's house; that after a few days he noticed that Mrs. Meierhoffer was very friendly with Lammons, who is a short, compactly built German; that at 3½ o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th, on his (Pierson's) arrival home from school to get his dinner, he inquired for Mr. Meierhoffer, and that Mrs. Meierhoffer said that Frank Lammons had shot her husband on the cellar stairs.

Police Justice Smith ordered Marshal Patrick Conroy to investigate, with the assistance of Constable Willet S. Randall, of West Orange, in which township the tragedy was enacted. The marshal was accompanied by Policeman O'Brien and William Dougherty, a law student.

Marshal Conroy and party arrived at the Meierhoffer house at 11 o'clock at night, and their summons at the door was answered by Mrs. Meierhoffer, who was

IN HER NIGHT DRESS.

She was told that the man who had murdered her husband was wanted. "He is in that bedroom," she replied, pointing to her own bedchamber. Lammons was found there in bed.

Marshal Conroy, Constable Randall and Mr. Dougherty at once started for the cellar, and as they stood at the top of the cellar stairs and turned the light from a dark lantern downward they saw dark red stains on the bottom steps and on the walls. On several of the steps were bloody boot marks. Behind and under the stairs lay the body of Mr. Meierhoffer, sitting with the left arm clasped around an upright post. The head was bent down on his breast. His head and clothes were clotted with blood, from a bullet wound in the back of his neck, just at the base of the brain. The cellar floor was littered with vegetables, and from the bottom of the stairs to the spot where the body lay there were blood stains.

Mrs. Meierhoffer said Lammons shot her husband from behind as he was carrying a sack of potatoes down the stairs, and that he fell forward on his face on the cellar floor, and that then Lammons seized him by the shoulders and dragged him to the spot

WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND.

The body was not disturbed by the policemen. Marshal Conroy handcuffed Lammons and Mrs. Meierhoffer together. Policeman O'Brien and Constable Randall searched Lammons' room in the second story, and found a seven-barrelled revolver in a carpet-bag with all the barrels loaded. A number of ball cartridges were in the bottom of the bag. Several pieces of silverware and a quantity of ladies' and childrens' underwear were also in the bag.

Mrs. Meierhoffer's son, Theodore, who is fifteen years of age, was asleep in an up-stairs room until a few minutes before his mother and Lammons were taken from the house. He was then awakened and told that his father was dead. He was greatly distressed. He was put into the carriage with his mother and driven to Orange, where they were locked up in the police station with Lammons.

Policeman O'Brien says that on entering the house Mrs. Meierhoffer said to him, "Come, protect this widow. Don't let the murderer out."

"HE MURDERED MY HUSBAND."

She was much excited, and ran from the front to the rear of the house, and back to the front. Mr. Dougherty told her the windows were all fastened, and that Lammons could not escape, and then she seemed reassured. Mr. Dougherty questioned her son when he came down-stairs after his mother's arrest; and in answer to the question, "When did you see your father last?" the boy said, "At half past 9 o'clock this morning, and I have not seen him since."

"Do you know where he was?" Mr. Dougherty demanded. "Frank told me at noon that father had gone to Newark to get a new suit of clothes for me."

Mrs. Meierhoffer is a comely German woman, with black eyes, black hair, and a full brown face. In her cell yesterday she was attired in plain brown cloth, covered by a coarse gray shawl. She gave her age as thirty-eight years, and said that her husband was fifty-two years of age. They had lived on the Orange Mountains for a number of years, she said, and had made money by cultivating garden produce and selling it at Orange and Newark. They owned several cows and sold milk and butter. Her husband had always attended to the gardening, and she drove the wagon loaded with vegetables to market every morning before sunrise and sold her stock to her customers. For the past few years they had been forced to hire a

FARM HAND IN THE BUSY SEASON.

"About six weeks ago," Mrs. Meierhoffer went on to say, "I employed Frank Lammons because he said he was in need. I did not know him, and had never seen him before. He was very good to work in the garden, but my husband disliked him, and he did not like my husband. At half past 8 o'clock yesterday morning he and my husband had some words in the kitchen, and my husband called him a loafer for not going out to rake the garden. After a little while he went out and began to rake, but he muttered to himself, and my husband ordered him away from the place; but he wouldn't go.

"Frank came into the house at 11½ o'clock, and said he would shoot the old man. He had a big revolver in his hand. I said to him, 'Take care, Frank; see what you are doing.' Then he got excited, and took the revolver up and

"SAID HE'D SHOOT HIM SURE."

Then he waited until the old man came in with a load of potatoes on his back and started to go down into the cellar. Frank ran to the hall door opening into the cellar, and when the old man got near to the bottom of the stairs, Frank fired the pistol at the back of his neck. The old man fell forward on his face, and the blood spurted out on the stairs and floor. Frank pulled the body away, and then came up and went into the yard. It was done so quick I could not think. I was afraid that Frank would kill me, and so I kept still until the teacher came."

Frank Lammons, standing behind the iron bars of his cell, on the day after his arrest, held on with a tight grip. He was very nervous, his hands trembled and his deep blue eyes rolled restlessly. He is below the medium height, a native of Holland, forty-seven years of age. He came to the United States in 1852, and was a gardener in Holland. But since he has been in this country he has been mainly a tramp, staying in no place any length of time, and as a tramp he applied for food at Mrs. Meierhoffer's house and was hired at \$12 for a month. He admits that he quarreled with Meierhoffer, but says that Mrs. Meierhoffer did the shooting.

A FIEND OF THE FIRESIDE.

Revolting Crime of an Indiana Husband—man Who Converted His Hearth Into a Terrestrial Hell.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 11.—The details of the terrible double tragedy in Perry township, a brief account of which has appeared in the GAZETTE, are even more horrible than at first supposed. The murderer and suicide was a Swiss named Frank Deplaine, aged sixty years. His victim was his wife, aged thirty-seven years, to whom he had been married less than two years.

Deplaine was a farmer in easy circumstances, living eight miles north of this city. He was ignorant, brutal, savage in temper and violent in disposition, and addicted to intemperance. He was extremely jealous of his wife, and, when drunk, frequently drove her from her home, but she had managed to escape any bodily injury at his hands. She had one son by her former husband, from whom she was divorced, a bright boy of nineteen. Deplaine treated this lad so badly that he left the house on Thursday week, and sought quarters elsewhere. Mrs. Deplaine also threatened to apply for a divorce, but by advice of her attorney concluded to give her husband

ANOTHER TRIAL.

On the morning of the 7th he came to the city and sold a load of potatoes. He drank a little, but did not become intoxicated. He was apparently in the best of spirits. He started for home about 5 o'clock, and drove at a rapid gate, reaching home a little after 6 o'clock.

There was no one at home but his wife. What transpired between them no one knows. About 7 o'clock flames burst out of Deplaine's house, and the neighbors gathered around to extinguish the fire. While going for water one of them stumbled across the dead body of Mrs. Deplaine, lying in a pool of muddy water close to the hog-pen. The face was literally battered out of all semblance of humanity. It was covered with blood, the face was mashed in, the nose broken, the teeth knocked out, a deep gash over the left eye and another in the skull, a flesh wound in the breast and other injuries about the body. One ear had been severed, and hung by shreds. The clothes were torn, indicating a violent struggle. The hogs had been feasting from the head, and altogether the spectacle was one that

BAFFLES DESCRIPTION.

A short distance away was found a hatchet covered with blood, with which the fiendish deed had been committed. The horses were standing in the harness, Deplaine not having stopped to put them away.

Upon further search Deplaine was found hanging by a rope from a rafter in his barn. He was still alive, but the neighbors refused to cut him down, and let him die. Upon investigation it was found that he had visited his smoke-house and residence and broken all his dishes, glassware, &c. His wife evidently met him at the gate to let him in. He assaulted her and made short work of her, then fired his house, and finally hanged himself. His relatives have not claimed his body, and, under the new law, it will be handed over to a medical college for dissection.

The murdered woman was his third wife. He removed here about ten years ago from Ohio, in which state he is said to have committed several serious crimes. His brother is now serving a two-years' term in the Northern Prison for an attempt to murder his wife last April.

Strange Letter to a Detective.

Detective Lyon, of Reading, Pa., has received the following letter from Geneva, N. Y.:

"SIR:—I want to know whether there was a lot of watches taken from a jewelry store in Reading something like a year ago and there was no clue to where they went nor who got them. What will you give to have the man and as to whether I can ever get any of the goods I can't say but I may but I can get the man I think and can tell some places where some of them was sold. You put an advertisement in the New York Sun for one week and I will see it. I want a shure thing and I will give you the right man and if I don't I don't want a sent. And I have other large cases of the same natur on the same parties. Yours as ever. These ar facts. A. E. S. S. Co."

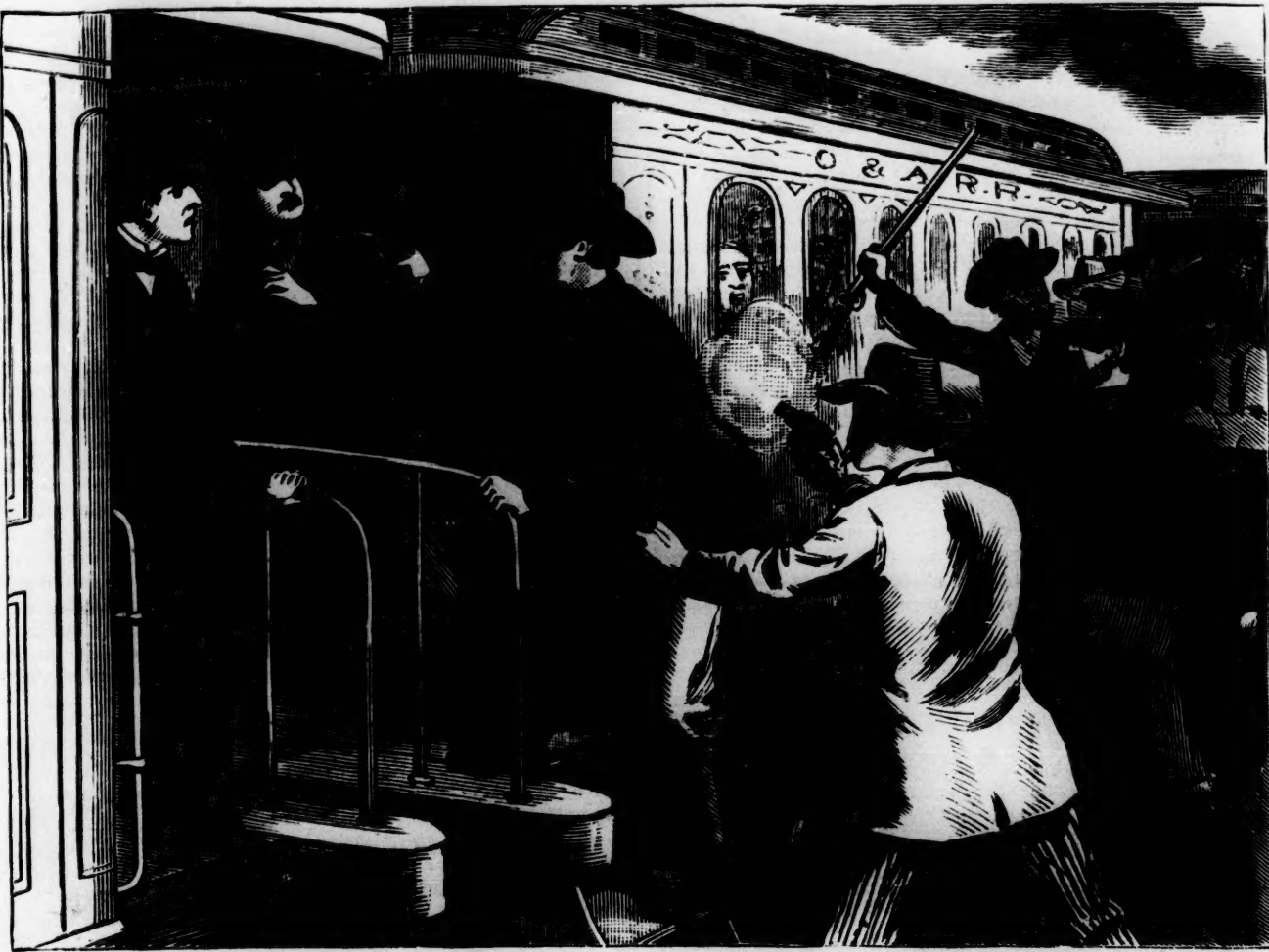
The letter is addressed to "Booley Lyons." The detective has a number of watches, which the owners can have by calling on the district attorney or himself. One is supposed to belong to a Birdsboro man.

A Fall River Defaulter Captured.

QUEBEC, Oct. 12.—Chief Detective Beffington to-day arrested on board the steamship Polynesian just as she was starting for Liverpool a man who is believed to be Walter Paine, of Fall River, Mass., accused of embezzling \$50,000 from the American Linen Company. The prisoner arrived here on Thursday and on Friday was joined by his wife, a son and a daughter. When arrested he contended that his name was Potter, which he had registered here. His wife, however, openly told the detective that her husband could not be extradited for his offence. None of the money has been found in the prisoner's possession. The city marshal of Fall River will be here on Tuesday. Documents found in the handwriting of prisoner's wife seem to confirm the suspicions of the detective.

Strange Case of Depravity and Murder.

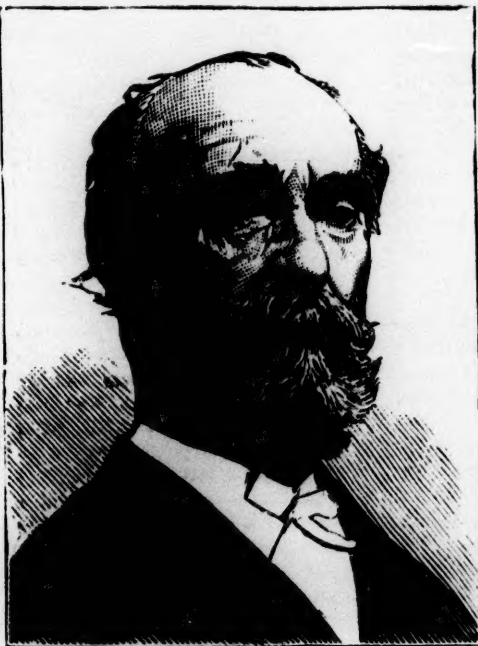
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 10.—A man named Will Jefferson died at a late hour last night at his home on Gratiot street from the effects of a blow administered just one week ago by his step-son, Samuel Moore. The man's wife and her relatives, who were in attendance upon him during his sufferings, studiously kept the matter from the knowledge of the police. Even after death occurred, and the case came to the knowledge of the coroner, the wife and her mother



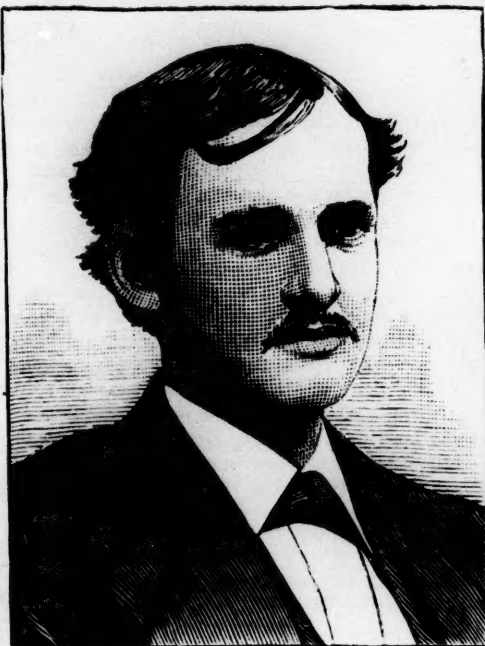
AUDACIOUS ROBBERY OF A RAILROAD TRAIN BY A BAND OF MASKED DESPERADOES, SUPPOSED TO BE THE NOTORIOUS JAMES GANG, AT GLENDALE STATION, ONLY FIFTEEN MILES FROM KANSAS CITY MO.—SEE PAGE 3.

while the parents of the victim were both away from home attending the Warren county fair at Lebanon. The accused was employed in a field adjoining the house, and to accomplish the deed must have secreted himself in one of the rooms during the temporary absence of Miss Munger, who says that on her return to her room she was pounced upon from the rear and a grain sack slipped over her head, and despite her resistance, fighting with the energy of desperation and despair, being almost suffocated in the encounter by having her head enveloped in the folds of the sack, the most precious jewel in woman's possession was wrested from her. During the struggle she lost consciousness and remained in that condition for some time.

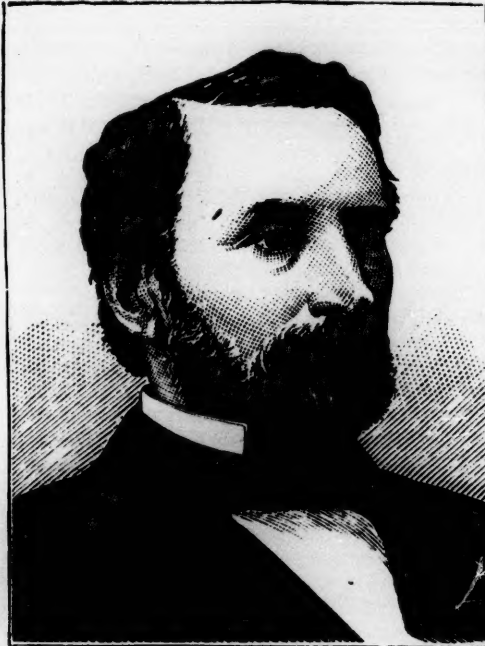
After accomplishing his purpose the brute left her to recover as best she might. On the return of her parents she acquainted them with the facts, also stating her suspicions of Smalley. The old folks on hearing the ruin of their daughter were nearly frantic with grief and rage, and instantly sought Smalley, who strenuously denied all knowledge of the affair. This, however, did not satisfy Miss Munger, who still persisted in her belief that he was the guilty party. He, finding things were getting unpleasant for him, skipped out. He was captured as above stated on a warrant sworn out by a brother of the victim, and had his preliminary examination before



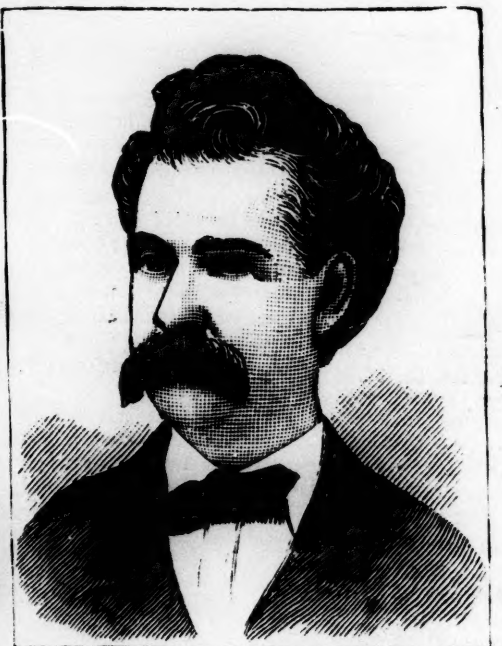
PROFESSOR JOHN WISE, THE FAMOUS AERO-NAUT, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST ON HIS RECENT AERIAL VOYAGE.



GEORGE BURR, PROF. WISE'S COMPANION ON THE AERIAL VOYAGE ON WHICH BOTH ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE PERISHED.



PATRICK LYNCH, CASHIER AND ALLEGED DEFAULTER OF THE DEFUNCT PEOPLE'S SAVINGS BANK, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



WILLIAM B. RIDDLE, THE WELL KNOWN COTTON MANUFACTURER, ACCUSED OF POISONING HIS WIFE; NORWICH, CONN.

and sister expressed sympathy for the step-son and no regret for the murder.

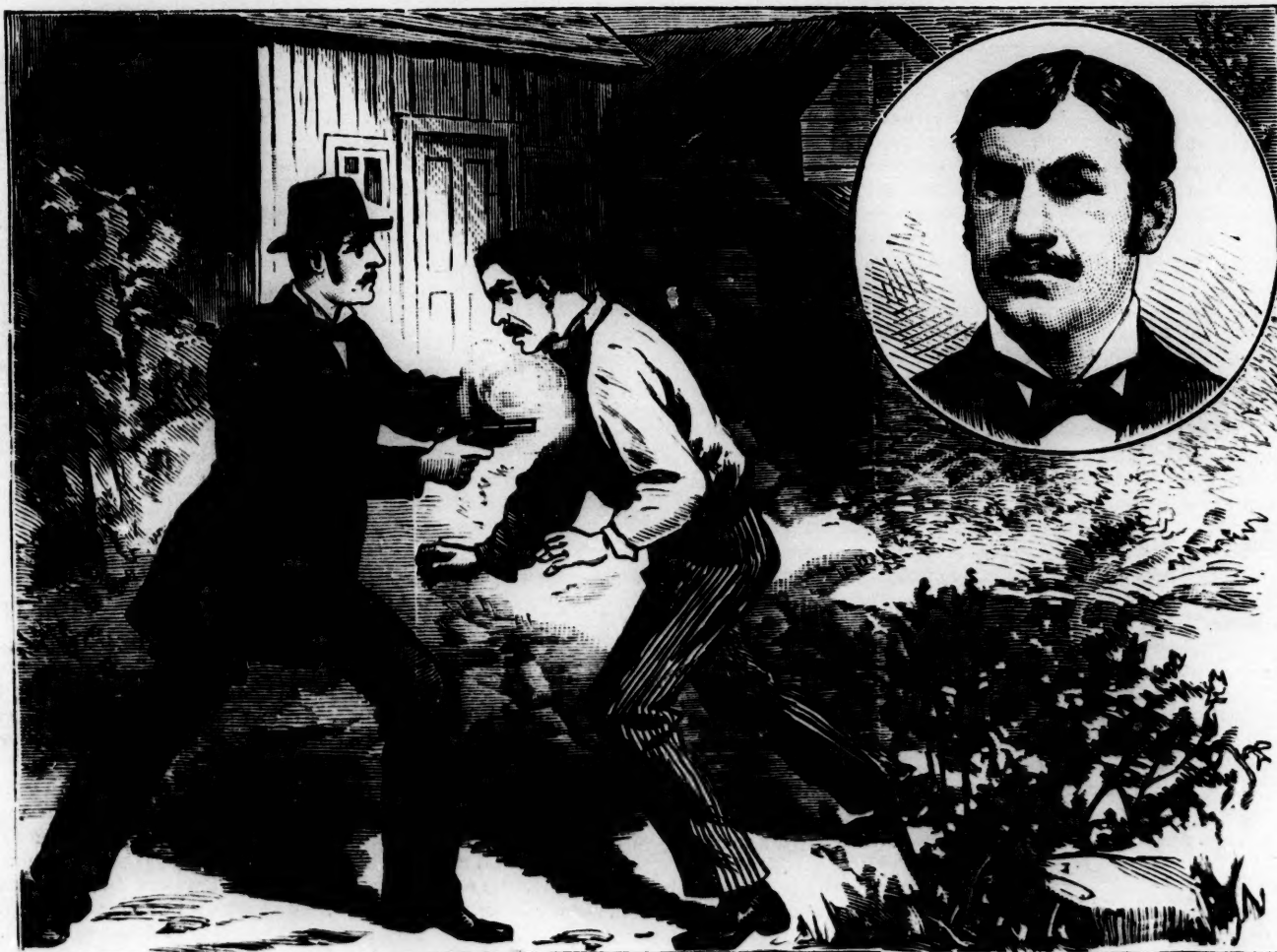
All these facts go to confirm the statements of the neighbors that the wife encouraged the step-son to do the deed. It is charged that young Moore, who is a son of Jefferson's first wife by a former husband, formed an affection for Jefferson's present wife, and that the two have been enjoying illicit relations for nearly a year. Certain it is, that Jefferson came to suspect such a state of affairs, and the suspicion made him very harsh and violent toward his wife and children.

Young Moore went to the house last Friday night, called him to door, and without a word felled him with a slung-shot, after which he walked away. Jefferson never left his bed after that. The coroner will inquest the case to-morrow.

A Dastardly Outrage.

FRANKLIN, O., Oct. 5.—William Smalley the young man who, it is claimed, outraged the person of Miss Elizabeth Munger, on the afternoon of September 5th, was captured at South Charleston last night and brought to Springboro to-day. Miss Munger is the daughter of George Munger, a prominent farmer living between Red Lion and Springboro, in this locality. Smalley's parents reside in this place, but he has been living with the Munger family ever since he was seven years old, and he is now twenty.

The outrage was perpetrated on the afternoon of the above day,



MURDER OF HENRY BUTLER BY HIS BROTHER ROBERT, ON THE "KING FARM," NEAR BRADFORD, PA.—PORTRAIT OF THE FRATRICIDE.—[SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.]

Squire Bain, of Springboro to-day, who bound him over to court in the sum of \$500. Not being able to furnish bonds, he was sent to the county jail at Lebanon.

Miss Munger has been confined to her bed most of the time since the outrage, and was unable to attend the trial at the Squire's office to-day, who adjourned it to her father's residence.

Crushing the "Georgia Tigers."

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 10.—The judge of Baldwin county and a delegation of citizens reached here this morning to ask the Governor for a military force to suppress the "Georgia Tigers," a desperate organization, who were fully described in the columns of the GAZETTE a year ago. They hold possession of half the county and defy arrest. They killed two men on Tuesday and burned several houses. They have killed in the past three years twenty men and women, mostly negroes. The Governor sent one of his staff and a number of detectives down, and will send military if needed. Members of the Legislature in adjoining counties have been telegraphed by their families and have gone home. The feeling here is intense. The scene of disorder is only one day's ride from this city.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 10.—Jeff Davids, colored, who was to have been hanged to-day at Abbeville, S. C., for the murder of the Franklins, brother and sister, has been again respited.

Strange Incendiarism.

The pretty little village of Auvers, in the Canton of Pontoise, situated only a short distance from Paris and containing some fifteen hundred inhabitants, is now—says the Paris correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*, writing on the 29th ult., possessed by real panic. Every day a new fire breaks out, kindled by some mysterious hand, and upward of forty houses have already fallen a prey to the flames. No sooner is one fire extinguished than the bells peal again, and the services of the *pompier*s are required in another quarter. Do what they will, the authorities are unable to quell this scourge or to detect the culprit. An invisible hand has traced on the wall of a house the terrible words, "Not a roof will remain standing in Auvers," and certainly the writer bids fair to keep his promise. Suspicion has, however, fallen upon an individual, a native of the country, who ten years ago was condemned for incendiarism, and afterward sent to Marseilles, which he has lately quitted without permission. This man was seen in the neighborhood a few days before the first fire broke out. Diligent search has been made after him, but he cannot be found. The most extraordinary part of the affair is that, although Auvers is crammed with gendarmes, the fires continue as before, and yesterday one began just as a patrol was passing down the very street in which the house was situated. A girl, however, named Clemence, was seen running out of the garden door and stopped. She is sixteen years of age, and very pretty. Clemence was unable to explain to the Judge d'Instruction why she was there, so she was immediately transported to Pontoise prison. It is thought that she is in a position to make important revelations. Curious to relate, the father of Clemence, seized with a sudden fury, made a dash at the Judge d'Instruction with a knife, and had the latter not skillfully parried the blow, he would have been killed. The mother, in a fit of distraction, fell fainting to the ground, and was only revived after an hour had passed. It is feared that she will go mad. The agitation in the country continues, and there are families who have left their houses, taking with them their furniture and other belongings. Let us hope that the arrest of Mlle. Clemence may be the last phase of this "strange story," which has completely clouded the lives of the good peasants of picturesque Auvers.

A Memorable Tramp.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 10.—At 8 o'clock this evening a sun-burned little woman, wearing a blue flannel suit and twirling a cane, came into the *Times* office.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.—MISS JENNIE YEAMANS, BURLESQUE ARTISTE AND CHARACTER ACTRESS; NOW STARRING IN "MITT."—See Page 2.



"There," she said, "that completes my 2,600 miles. I'm Mrs. Martha Potts, and I've walked that many miles for a wager of \$5,000. Her peculiar accent bore out her assertion that she was a native of North Carolina. She resumed: "I lived in New York nine years. I never did any walking except a few exhibitions over there until I entered the six-day tramp of the female walkers around in the International Pool-room. I came in so far behind that you couldn't have found me if you had hunted a week with a lantern. A number of gentlemen there, whose names I don't care to mention, put up \$5,000, which they agreed to give me

if I should walk to New Orleans and back in a certain time. I'm back, and I expect to get my cash. The distance is 2,600 miles. I started from Philadelphia on May 13th, and went down to Baltimore and Washington, and so on by regular roads until I reached Manassas Junction. Then I took to the railroad bed, and walked every step of the way through Lynchburg and Danville, Virginia; Salisbury and Charlotte, North Carolina; Atlanta, Ga.; Montgomery and Mobile, Alabama, to New Orleans, where I arrived on July 20th. I experienced the kindest treatment all along the line, was never molested or insulted, and had

rousing receptions at Atlanta by 3,000, at Mobile and Montgomery by bands, and by 5,000 persons at New Orleans, where I also had a dinner from the press and officials just before I started on the back track, on July 20th. I had nobody to accompany me either way, beyond the folks who came out to meet me near the cities; but I understand that there were people at certain points watching to see that I walked the square thing. My whole expenses were not over \$25. I lost fourteen days by stoppages and was sick three days. Everybody treated me kindly, especially in Georgia and Louisiana. My greatest day's walk was 36 miles on the Piedmont Air Line in Georgia, and my average 21 miles. I've worn out two pairs of shoes, and have my third on now. There were easier roads south than between here and Baltimore where they are ballasted with stone, and south the clay and sand ballasting is used. Coming back I switched off from Danville to Fredericksburg and Richmond. I made 26 miles. I ain't a bit tired, and could go it over again. I think I could beat 110 miles in 24 hours. I started out to be champion, and I hear there was half a million in bets on the result. "I want to walk twenty-four, seventy-two or one hundred and forty-four hours. I'll be champion, or die in the attempt." The widow snatched on her straw hat, picked up her cane and skipped cheerily away.

The Raid on the Underwoods.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 13.—A special dispatch from Grayson, Ky., says Jesse Underwood was shot in the door of his father's house, known as Fort Underwood, yesterday morning. The Holbrook party surrounded the house and threatened to kill anybody who would dare to bury Jesse's body or rescue George Underwood, who is badly wounded, and with the women and children inside the house all that remains of the unfortunate Underwood family. George to-day sent word to the county judge, praying for help and protection. The Governor has been appealed to, but has not responded. This is the fifth murder that has occurred in Carter county within the last three weeks, four of the murdered men being Underwoods and one a member of the Holbrook family. Nothing has been done by any officer, from the Governor down to the county magistrates, to check this fearful bloodshed.

The grand jury of Stanislaus county, California, has ignored the charge against James Speakman, of Sutter Creek, for killing John Kelly, in Modesto, a few weeks ago. Kelly was a gambler who seduced Speakman's daughter.



A BAD BIT OF WOOD-WORK.—MR. NATHAN WOOD IN PURSUIT OF HIS ALLEGED UNFAITHFUL WIFE, MAKES A MIDNIGHT CALL ON DR. SNOWDEN AND WAKES UP THE WRONG WOMAN; HAMILTON, O.—See Page 11.



A FATAL MISTAKE.—JOSEPH D. BARKER SHOT AND KILLED BY HIS NEPHEW UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE WAS A BURGLAR, IN HIS RESIDENCE IN NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—See Page 13.

A VIXEN'S VENGEANCE.

Hell Has no Fury Like a Woman
Scorned—He Has Scorned me After
All I Have Done For Him

AND HE MUST DIE.

The Tragic Conclusion to a High-Pressure
Sensational Romance Which Manager
Hickey's Discarded Mistress

WROTE IN HIS LIFE-BLOOD.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

CINCINNATI, Oct. 12.—The Burnet House, one of the leading hotels of this city, was the scene, this afternoon, of a terribly sensational tragedy, with a probably double fatality as the result. About 3 o'clock a woman known as Florence McDonald came into the ladies' reception room of the hotel and requested to see S. M. Hickey, route manager of the professional tour of Miss Mary Anderson, the renowned actress. The woman had been living with Hickey for some time, but of late he had tried to cast her off. She had followed him from place to place, and her arrival in this city, last week, was unknown to him. To-day she sent him two notes asking for a meeting, both of which he tore up without reading. At length she got word to him by a messenger, and he met her in the reception room. It was a stormy meeting. Hickey told her that he did not wish to have anything further to do with her, and she begged him not to cast her off. He was unmoved, and she seemed willing to go away, asking him to give her money to pay her way to her home. As he turned around to put his hand into his pocket for the money, she pulled a revolver from her pocket and shot him in the back of the head, just at the base of the brain. He fell to the floor, and shouted:

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, TAKE HER AWAY!"

She fired a second and a third shot at him, and missed, but, believing that he was dying, she placed the muzzle of the pistol to the right side of her head, just above the ear, and shot herself.

Hickey crawled out of the room on his hands and knees, and was assisted to his apartment. A priest and a physician were soon summoned. The woman lived about fifteen minutes.

Hickey, believing himself to be dying, made his will, devising his property to his brothers and sisters, and confessed to the priest. His physicians say that unless inflammation sets in he has a chance for his life, as the bullet did not touch his brain. Coroner Carriek found an ivory-handled dirk in the dead woman's stocking and a bottle of laudanum in the bosom of her dress. She bought the laudanum in Buffalo. In the pocket of her dress was a complete and copious diary of her life for the past few months. In it she says that she loved Hickey better than her life; that he had told her he no longer loved her, and that he was enamored of Mary Anderson, and never knew what it was to love until he met her. This frenzied her, and she determined to

KILL HIM AND THEN HERSELF.

The dead woman's diary contains the following:

"MAY 6.—I heard a gentleman describe Miss Anderson as a very coarse and commonplace person. He came over on the steamer from Europe with her, and said that she would call 'Ma' and 'Papa' so loud that they could hear her all over the ship; also that her foot and hand were very large. I sent the order that my friend gave me for tickets to Mr. Lehnman, and he sent back word that he would be pleased to make my acquaintance, and I said 'Thank you; I do not care to make yours.' Went to see McCullough the 7th and 8th."

On June 20 she writes:

"My dearest friend came home yesterday. I will see him very soon, and he will put his arms around me, kiss me, and say, 'How is my little girl?' Such a minute as that

WILL OVERPAY CENTURIES IN HELL.

If I could make a bargain to have 'Syl' all to myself for just one month, that I might be everything to him as he is to me for only a month, and then die and live in tortures for all the countless ages of eternity, I would do it this very minute."

The following entries fully explain themselves:

"APR. 19.—Yesterday I was twenty years old. It does not seem very old, only to those who count time by sorrow, not by years. I wonder if there will ever be any happiness for me. I would not treat a dog that loved me as badly as he does me, yet I love him, love him all the more for his neglect; but sometimes it almost makes me wild."

"SEPT. 5.—My dearest friend came home last evening, and I am so happy that I cannot find words to express it. When he is with me I forget all about his neglect, and only remember that I love him—

"LOVE HIM AS SUNS DO THEIR SAVIOUR."

He is going to Auburn to-morrow, but will return and spend the Sabbath with me in Utica."

"SEPT. 11.—I heard Miss Anderson play 'Love' last night. I would like to tell her that in real life women sometimes say as she did about her lover, 'He shall not belong to another. He shall not even love another.' If he does, he dies." She can never love him half as well as I do. I love him with desperation and jealousy—love him as Henry VIII. loved Anne Boleyn when, in hatred of his love and jealousy, he caused her to mount the scaffold because she was untrue to him."

"SEPT. 14.—He has dared to tell me that he loves this actress, and never knew what love meant until he saw her. He also said she was penniless and he could marry her he would do it. I know that he would never give his love without encouragement, but she shall not have him." Rather than see him belong to another, I will kill him."

"THURSDAY, Sept. 18.—Mother Superior says that I

am not like the bright child that came to see her two years ago. He did not love this actress, then, and I was perfectly happy. I can hardly believe that he told me himself that he had learned to love. My proud darling, whose heart I thought no woman could ever touch, has learned to love at last, and it is

NOT I THAT HAVE TAUGHT HIM.

This actress has everything that heart can wish, and he was my all, yet she took him from me. He used to laugh at me and tell me not to be jealous of her, for I had no cause. He also said that he had no more intended to marry her than he did me. I am only his mistress, but I would rather be his slave than the wife of any other man."

"SUNDAY, Sept. 21.—Miss Anderson will be here on the 24th. One of the children died here yesterday, and I went to a greenhouse and got some flowers to put on the coffin. I wonder if any one will ever do as much for me."

"SEPT. 22.—Mother Superior says that when we love one of God's creatures more than the Creator, he always takes them from us; and that is just what I have done. He was my god, and to try and please him was my religion. To see him give to another what I have tried so long and patiently to win is very hard. If I was good I suppose that I would wish him to marry this actress, and be very happy, but only a saint could do that, and I am only a wicked, heart-broken girl. He could have made me a woman that would have been an honor in place of a disgrace to the sex, if he had chosen to. I know that I am not worthy to be his wife, and would have not only been contented, but proud of ever so small a place in his heart; but if I can't have it, I can at least

PREVENT HER FROM ENJOYING IT.

"11:50 P. M.—I went to see Miss Anderson play 'Juliet' this evening. Every one must acknowledge her a beautiful actress; but it is not the actress he admires, but the woman he loves."

"SEPT. 26.—He came last night and told me about his plans and how he loved this woman, and how much he would do for her, and I listened to him and did not get mad. I wish to heaven I had. He showed

partnership with Mr. John S. Norton, the actor and manager. Inquiry among stage acquaintances of Miss Anderson and Mr. Hickey in this city elicited a unanimous opinion that he is not a suitor for her hand. Nothing in their demeanor, so say those who have seen them together, indicated that either was in love with the other."

Miss Anderson in alluding to the use made of her name in connection with the tragic affair, repeatedly declared that Mr. Hickey had not breathed a word of love to her, and that she was utterly unconscious of his attachment; he had not been to her more than

A FRIEND AND HER MAN OF BUSINESS.

Both parties are well known in Syracuse, and the girl has for six years been one of the most notorious women in the town. Her right name is Florence Smith. Her parents formerly resided in Syracuse and her father kept a corn hulling establishment there. Six years ago Florence was sent to school at the Convent of the Good Shepherd in Buffalo. She was a wild and wayward girl, and had given her parents a great deal of trouble. After remaining in the convent a short time she escaped and ran away, and went to Canada. While there she made the acquaintance of a conductor of the Pullman cars between Buffalo and Toronto by the name of McDonald. She became infatuated with him and lived with him for some time. She afterwards returned to her parents in Syracuse. They remonstrated with her on her wayward life and persuaded her to return to the convent in Buffalo, which she finally did. She stayed there, however, but a short time and returned to Syracuse. Her father then utterly repudiated her, and, casting off all attempts at concealing her shame, she openly entered a house of ill repute, where she remained about two years. She became quite notorious, on account of her

FINE APPEARANCE AND LADY-LIKE BEARING.

She was always dressed in a neat and modest style, and in public comported herself very demurely.

A year ago last Thanksgiving Day she first made the acquaintance of Mr. Hickey. George Rignold played "Henry the Fifth" at Hickey's Opera House, and the

house where she was stopping. Florence had provided some lager beer and invited Hickey to have some. He took a glass, raised it to his lips and tasted it, when he at once placed it on the table, saying that it was bitter, and that he could not drink it. Florence afterward told a friend of hers that she had put poison in the beer and that she

MEANT TO POISON HER LOVER.

For the past eight months Florence has lived at a house of ill-repute where she had rooms. It was claimed by her that Hickey furnished the rooms. They were neatly fitted up with ingrain carpets and cottage furniture.

Last March a friend hers went into her rooms and found her painting her face. She asked her what she was doing that for. Florence replied, "Hickey is coming to see me to-night and I want to look my prettiest. If he does not swear that he will never desert me, I will kill him."

One night last spring Florence took a hack and drove to Hickey's hotel in search of him. Not finding him there she drove to several other places where Hickey was accustomed to visit, and, being still baffled in her pursuit, she returned to her rooms in great agitation. She told her friend that she would kill Hickey if he did not come and see her, and that she was not going to chase around any more. She always carried a dagger with her name engraved on the handle. She also carried a revolver. She declared to her friends that she slept with the dagger under her pillow and that some day she would

NEED IT TO PROTECT HERSELF.

A year ago certain newspapers contained a facetious paragraph to the effect that Mr. Hickey was engaged to be married to Miss Anderson. Florence saw the announcement and was wild with excitement. She told her companions that if Hickey married Miss Anderson she would kill both of them. Her friends laughed at her threats, although they were aware of her infatuation for Hickey.

Last month Hickey returned to Syracuse, previous to departing on his tour with Miss Anderson. He went to see Florence and remonstrated with her upon her infatuation for him. He plainly told her that he did not care anything for her and that he did not want her to follow him through the country as she insisted on doing. Florence begged him to reconsider his determination to become quits with her, and told him that she would kill him if he deserted her. Alarmed at her threats, Hickey consulted a lawyer in this city as to the best course to pursue. The lawyer laughed at Hickey's fears, and advised him to tell the woman in plain words that he would have

NOTHING TO DO WITH HER.

Hickey, it seems, hardly dared to follow the lawyer's advice, for he again visited Florence, and seemed disposed to keep up his acquaintance with her.

Florence led a checkered career for one so young, being only about twenty-four years old. She was exceedingly prepossessing, and had none of the appearance of a fallen woman. It seems that in her early career she made several attempts to lead a virtuous life. At one time she was a clerk in a millinery store, and was also engaged in canvassing for a diary. Her friends in Syracuse, who, of course are women of her character, assert that she was very quick tempered and excitable. She was a favorite with her class and had many friends among them. Her friends paid but little attention to her threats that she would kill Hickey, for the reason that she repeated them so often that they always looked upon her assertions as a joke. She also told them repeatedly that she would kill Mary Anderson if she dared to step between herself and Hickey. She was continually making Hickey presents, and spent much money in doing so. Hickey's friends were aware of his trouble with Florence, and for a year or more his intimacy with her has been notorious among them.

Very Unkind of the Witness.

Edward Lang wore a checked shirt, a merino muffler and a peaked cap when he was brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the 13th. He had a jaunty air, too, and a wicked, leering eye. In fact, Edward looked every inch the burglar he was charged with being, and from his appearance there was strong ground for Max Henzel's suspicions that he had broken into his cigar store, in Greenwich street, and carried off such portable goods and chattels as he could lay hands on. The evidence against Lang, however, was rather weak, and Mr. Henzel, who had counsel in court, tried hard to connect him with a fellow who had been loafing about the place just before the robbery. Counsel went to work with a will.

"Prisoner," said he, "do you know a man named Smith?"

"Smith—Smith," quoth Lang, reflectively, "I think I've heard the name afore."

"No levity, sir," said counsel, sternly. "Tell me, do you or do you not know a person named Philip Smith, generally called 'Shad' Smith?"

"Is he a cove with long 'air and a cast in the heye?"

The complainant looked perplexed; but counsel whispered, "We'll get at something now," and answered "Yes," quite emphatically.

"Does he limp ven he goes for to run and vears a 'at with a vite band around it?"

"I believe he does."

"Praps you can tell vether he sports a blue veskit on veek days, and 'as 'is toes turned in?"

"I really can't remember; but I suppose so."

"Does he carry a vite stick as 'is shaved all the vay down, with a hiron 'andle on both ends?"

Counsel nodded.

"Does he likewise run a licensed wender vagon and 'ang round Greenwich street?"

"That's just the man," said counsel, eagerly.

"Vell, vot a queer looking cove he must be," said the prisoner, calmly. "I never see such a bloke as that in the 'ole course of my life."

Counsel curtailed the examination.

J. J. Wheeler, editor of the Paris (Texas) *Banner*, was shot dead on the 13th by William B. Bonner, a lawyer.

HER LAST LETTER TO HICKEY.

Mr. S. M. Hickey
Smiles you see, here for a
few minutes I shall be
at the Depot and follow
you
Florence

I will come to the Parlor
of your Hotel if you
write me ans,

me what a blessing his love is, only to tell me that it was all given to her, but she shall not have him. I will show him that the words of Congreve: 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,' are true."

"Darling when my hour is nigh.

Let me rest thy arms within.

Thus to die is not to die,

'Tis but to leave a world of sin."

"SYRACUSE, Oct. 4.—I have been here at home for one whole week. H. has been very, very kind to me, but nothing can make me happy now."

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1879.—I left Syracuse Wednesday afternoon and got here last evening. Went to see Miss Anderson play 'Juliet,' and saw my darling there at the theatre."

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 11, 1879.—I went to the theatre last eve, and saw my darling watch this actress with eyes that fairly beamed with love. It was such a look as I would have been willing to die to receive."

"OCT. 12, 1879.—He has scorned me, after all that I have done for him, and

"HE SHALL DIE."

The following entry would go to show that the unfortunate woman had fully determined on the course she would pursue when she arrived here. It was written on the last leaf in the memorandum book; the entry reads as follows:

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 10, 1879.—I would like to have my body given to the medical college."

"FLORENCE McDONALD."

The Mother Superior alluded to above is of a convent in Buffalo, which, it seems, Miss McDonald visited several times.

Mr. Hickey has been in the show business a long time, mainly as agent or manager of travelling companies, but never as a performer. He has for several years managed the Park Opera House in Syracuse. Last summer he lived in Long Branch, where Miss Anderson occupied a cottage with her mother and step-father, Dr. Griffin. While there he made the bargain to take her on a professional tour in the west, in

stage manager engaged her as one of the ballet. It was on this occasion that Florence met Mr. Hickey, and she at once became enamored of him. She followed him everywhere and continually dogged his footsteps. Hickey endeavored on frequent occasions to get rid of her, but without avail. Finally, the girl again entered the house of ill repute and seemed for a while to have given up her infatuation for Hickey, but it soon returned to her and she recommenced

HER PERSECUTION OF HIM.

When Mr. Hickey effected an engagement with Mary Anderson to become her manager Florence became inordinately jealous. Her companions state that she on many occasions threatened Hickey's life. A year ago last spring she made an engagement to meet Hickey at the Hart House, in this city. He kept the appointment, and a stormy scene ensued between them. Florence charged Hickey with deserting her for Mary Anderson, and swore that if "she could not have Hickey no other woman should." Hickey expostulated with her, and told her that he did not want anything more to do with her. He told her that she was making a fool of herself and ruining his prospects, and besought her, if she cared anything for him, as she said she did, to let him alone and not make a fool of herself. Florence was weeping and was greatly agitated. As Hickey left the room she raised her hand suddenly and fired a pistol at him. Hickey had closed the door, and the bullet from the pistol

CRASHED CLEAR THROUGH THE DOOR.

He immediately re-entered the room, and calmed the girl's agitation as well as he could. He begged Florence to shoot him on the street or in some public place, if she was bound to shoot him, and declared he did not want to die in a room with her.

After a good deal of persuasion Florence was prevailed upon to stop her persecution of Hickey. But her jealousy did not die. She soon learned that Hickey was going away on a travelling tour, and invited him to come and see her before he went. He complied with her request and called upon her at the

A BRUTAL BUTCHERY.

Sickening Narrative of a Deed of Horror in Virginia, Which Adds Another to the Long List of

SANGUINARY CRIMES.

A Woman Found Dead at a Spring With Every Indication of Having Been Murdered by Her Husband.

THE STORY OF TWO LITTLE ONES.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 10.—Scarcely has the September Term of the Louisa Circuit Court expired, at which term five alleged murderers were tried for the commission of two of the most fiendish crimes that ever blackened the annals of Virginia, when another foul and brutal murder is perpetrated in the county. The victim in this instance was a white married lady. The scene of the horrible affair is in the upper end of the county, near Cobham depot, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. The body was discovered Wednesday afternoon at a spring some hundred yards from the residence of the deceased. An inquest was commenced that night and concluded the next morning, the verdict of the jury being "that the deceased, Mrs. William Beaver, came to her death by violence from some unknown person." Suspicion attaching to the husband of the deceased lady, Mr. William Beaver,

HE WAS FORTHWITH ARRESTED.

After examination he was sent on to the County Court for indictment, and was lodged in Louisa jail to-day.

The particulars of the crime, as developed at the examination, are as follows:—A young sister of the deceased lady, a bright and intelligent little thing aged about nine years, stated that the prisoner came from Union Mills about three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. He told his wife to go to the spring for a bucket of water and also to get some light wood from the woods near by. She went in the direction of the spring, and her husband soon started after her. In about an hour, she thinks, Beaver returned, and the child being restless at the long absence of her sister, he told her not to cry, and offered her inducements, such as giving her sugar, not to fret at his wife's absence, and then went to the door and called his wife, and told her that she had answered him and

WOULD BE THERE DIRECTLY.

The little girl heard no answer to his calls. Beaver then told the child he was going away, and if his wife did not return pretty soon to go over to a certain colored woman's house and get her to come over and stay with her and his little children. He then left for Cobham, as he said. As soon as he was out of sight the girl, together with Beaver's little boy, about five years old, proceeded in the direction their sister and mother respectively had gone. Upon reaching the spring the little girl observed the motionless and prostrate form of her sister, and, with no thought of death in her mind, said to the boy:

"There she is, Georgie, asleep."

She then went up to the body and put her hand on her forehead. She thought she observed the eyes quiver, as if in an attempt to open them, but soon realized that she was dead. The little ones, alone with the inanimate body of their sister and mother, now gave vent to their anguish in screams of distress. They finally went over to the house of a Mr. Reynolds near by, and no one being at home but the old cook they implored her to go to the spring, as Mrs. Beaver was lying there dead. The old cook could not leave, but got another colored woman to

ACCOMPANY THE CHILDREN.

They first went by the spring, where the women found the body as described, and at once proceeded to inform the neighbors, and soon quite a number gathered at the spot, and an inquest was held with the result above stated. The prisoner was arrested after one o'clock that night. Doctors Shackelford and Dickson dissected the body and were of the firm opinion that death resulted from violence. There were bruises below and above the elbow of one arm, and one on the back of the neck, giving evidences that the deceased had been grasped violently as if to be precipitated to the ground.

The body was found with the feet lying in the spring, and is represented as having been thoroughly saturated with water. A water bucket was found between her body and one of her arms, but any conjecture that deceased died of a fit and that the wet clothes were the result of the bucket falling and wetting her is precluded by the fact that had such been the case the bucket would have fallen to a distance from her, and the quantity of water contained in it could not so thoroughly saturate the clothing had it all fallen on her.

The supposition is that an attempt was made to strangle her; but the perpetrator of the crime fearing that he had not accomplished his fiendish design, threw buckets of water in the face of his victim to make sure of his work by drowning her if he had not succeeded in extinguishing life by strangulation.

Moreover, evidences of a struggle were plainly visible fifteen or twenty yards from the spring—the spot at which the body was found—and also evidences of the body having been dragged thither to the spring, and moreover, to confirm this fact, briars and leaves were found in the hair of the deceased. The prisoner was accosted on the road late that evening by Mr. Charles Reynolds, who stated to him that he had sad news to tell him, and then related the circumstance of the children going over to his house and reporting the death of his (Beaver's) wife and

THE FINDING OF THE BODY.

Mr. Reynolds says the prisoner remarked, on being told that his wife was dead, "Is she, sure enough?" and did not seem anyway surprised or aggrieved.

The examination elicited the facts above mentioned, and a further fact, that the prisoner told his little sister-in-law when he returned to the house, after he had gone in the direction of the spring with his wife and was about to start for Cobham, that she must not go down to the creek or out in the field.

Beaver was asked why he did not leave when he knew he was suspected, and replied "he ought to have done it." He protests his innocence vigorously, however.

The prisoner is quite a wild-looking man. His age is in the neighborhood of thirty. He has always borne a fair character for morality, though he is represented as not being of industrious habits. He and his wife have always lived together peaceably, so far as is known, and no cause seems to be apprehended for the commission of the awful deed except that he had become tired of his wife and wished to rid himself of her. He was raised by his wife's grandfather; it is supposed had been married something more than six years, and had been living in the county since shortly after his marriage. He has three little children.

TRIAL OF THE ACCUSED PREACHER.

A New Indictment Framed, and a Jury Secured After a Laborious Effort.

(With Illustrations and Portraits.)

The trial of the Rev. Herbert H. Hayden, charged with the murder of Miss Mary E. Stannard, on Sept. 3, 1878, was begun anew in New Haven, on the 14th. A nolle prosequi had been entered on the old indictment, owing to an error made by the copyist, who had, in one instance, substituted the words "Mary E. Hayden" for "Mary E. Stannard." The prisoner was discharged, re-arrested on a bench warrant, and a second time committed without bail. A new grand jury was summoned by the sheriff. It began its session on Thursday, the 9th, and returned an indictment.

Mr. Hayden was brought from the jail about 1 P. M. He was conducted to the sheriff's private office, and sat down at a window that gave him a view of all that was going on in the street. Mr. Hayden seemed to be

IN THE BEST OF SPIRITS.

The chief justice nodded his head to the clerk, and that functionary arose at his desk and unrolled the new indictment. "The accused, Herbert H. Hayden, will stand up," he said.

Mr. Hayden confronted the clerk. He stood with one foot upon the round of his chair. With hands folded across his closely-buttoned coat, he listened to the reading of the indictment. It contained four counts, instead of the two framed in the preceding indictment. The first count charges him with poisoning Mary E. Stannard; the second with inflicting a mortal wound by the use of a knife; the third alleges that the murder was done with a stone or some other blunt instrument held in the right hand; and the fourth re-embodies all that is alleged in the preceding counts.

"To this indictment what is your plea?" asked the clerk.

"Not guilty," the clergyman replied. The words were spoken in a firm tone. Mr. Hayden resumed his seat. He had listened to the monotonous iterations of the indictment without a sign of nervousness. For the first five minutes he gazed steadily at the clerk, and then bent his eyes upon the sorrowful features of his faithful wife, who sat below him with bowed head. As he took his seat she leaned toward him, and, with her gloved hand, brushed specks of dirt from his coat collar. Every eye was riveted upon her husband, and some of them were moistened by this

LITTLE ACT OF WIFELY ATTENTION.

He laughingly conversed with a friend, and occasionally returned the salutations of acquaintances who passed the window. He wore black clothes, low shoes, a white tie, and a soft black hat. Mrs. Hayden entered the office about 1½ o'clock. Her husband arose, shook her hand, and gave her his chair. The wife wore a Paisley shawl, black kid gloves, and was attired in black. Her husband bent over her, and they talked in a low tone for several minutes. Soon afterward they followed the tall sheriff across the hallway and entered the court-room by the door set apart for the use of members of the bar. The main door was then opened, and a straggling mass of men and women poured into the room.

At 2 P. M., Judges Park and Sanford ascended the bench. The bell of the old church on the green tolled the hour of the opening of the court. The ringing of this bell on court days has been an obsolete custom. It is now revived by direction of Chief Justice Park.

The tolling of the bell ceased, and Sheriff Byxbee opened the court in

DUE AND ANCIENT FORM.

The effort to obtain a jury occupied the first two days of the trial, the panel being completed on the 15th, after which the examination of witnesses was at once commenced, the most important witness being that of Professor White of the Yale Medical College, who testifies as to his examination of the dead girl's body. Professor White was sharply handled by Hayden's counsel. One of the chief points in the expert's testimony after that concerning the alleged poisoning, is relative to the blood found on Mr. Hayden's knife which the pastor had declared came from a cut on his finger. The microscope discovered in the flesh of the neck of the murdered girl a rusty little speck of steel that must have come from the blade of the knife that killed her.

Now the glass is run along the blade of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's knife, on which Professor White found blood. There are one or two little nicks easily seen in it, too large to match this little piece. At last a defect is discovered; it seems as though the little speck on the white paper, if applied to this defect, would just fit it, and by the most delicate manipulation the fitting is successfully done, and the prosecuting officers are informed that the savants have discovered a speck of iron that dropped from the fleshy parts around the wound that just fits a nick in the blade of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's knife. Such is the story that, somewhat indefinitely, but with sufficient detail to make it worthy the attention of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's counsel, is reported regarding the result of the scientific men's work in discovering evidence

A CURIOUS CAREER.

Remarkable Adventures of Lucy Ann Lobdell, an Eccentric Female Character who Figured Successfully as Hermit, Hunter, Music Teacher, Author and "Female-Husband."

A correspondent writing from Delhi, N. Y., under the date of the 8th says: News of the death of Lucy Ann Lobdell Slater, known throughout the Delaware valley as the "Female hunter of Long Eddy," has been received here, and it recalls a most singular life-history. In 1851, Lucy Ann Lobdell, daughter of a lumberman living on the Delaware, near the boundary line of this county and Sullivan, was married to a raftman named George Slater. She was then seventeen years old, and was known far and wide for her wonderful skill with the rifle, not only in target-shooting, but in hunting deer and other game, for which the valley was then noted. After a year of married life Slater deserted his wife and a babe a few weeks old, and has never been heard from since. Mrs. Slater's parents were poor, and she left the child in their charge, laid aside the habit of her sex, donned male attire and

ADOPTED THE LIFE OF A HUNTER.

The mountains of Delaware, Sullivan and Ulster counties of this state, and the Delaware river county in Pennsylvania, were then filled with game. For eight years the unfortunate wife and mother roamed the woods of that section, making her home in the wilderness, where she erected rude cabins for her shelter. She never appeared at the settlements except to procure ammunition and needed supplies, for which she exchanged skins and game. Her wild life was one of thrilling adventure and privation, and it was not until she was broken down by the exposure and hardships of it that she returned to the haunts of civilization. She wrote a book detailing her adventures in the woods, and giving an account of her sufferings from cold, hunger and sickness. She recorded in this book that she had killed 168 deer, 77 bears, 1 panther, and numberless wildcats and foxes. When she returned to Long Eddy she, for a time, resumed the clothing of her sex, but after recruiting her health she again put on male attire and disappeared. She did not retire to the woods, but, assuming the name of Joseph Lobdell, she went about the country making a living

AS A MUSIC TEACHER.

While engaged in teaching a singing school at Bethany, Penn., where she was known, she won the love of a young lady scholar, a member of one of the leading families of the village. The two were engaged to be married, but the sex of the teacher was accidentally discovered, and she was forced to fly from the place in the night to escape being tarred and feathered. Shortly after this she returned to Long Eddy, put on women's clothing, and, being again in failing health, applied for admittance to the almshouse in this place, where her child had been placed some years before. When the child, a bright little girl, was ten years old, it was adopted into the family of a farmer in Damascus, Penn. The mother remained in the poor house.

In the spring of 1868 a woman about twenty-five years of age applied to the poor authorities of Delaware county for

ADMITTANCE TO THE ALMSHOUSE.

She was in miserable health, but was apparently of more than ordinary intelligence, and, to all appearances, respectable. She said her name was Marie Louise Perry Wilson. She was from Massachusetts, where her parents lived. She had eloped from home with a man named Wilson, to whom she was married in Jersey City, but who had deserted her, leaving her destitute. She had too much pride to return home. Having heard that her husband, who was a railroad man, was in Susquehanna, she had started out to find him, but was taken sick in the cars, and not having money enough to pay her way, was put off at Lordville. No other alternative presenting, she was forced to enter the poor-house. She was taken into the almshouse with the understanding that as soon as she was able to, she could communicate with her family and

HAVE THEM REMOVE HER.

She recovered her health, but in the meantime had made the acquaintance of Lucy Ann Slater. A strong affection sprang up between the two women, notwithstanding the difference in their habits, character and intellect. They refused to be separated, and in the spring of 1869 they left the poor-house together, and for two years they were not heard from in Delhi. In the summer of the above year a couple calling themselves the Rev. Joseph Israel Lobdell and wife appeared in the mountain villages of Monroe county, Penn. For two years they roamed about that section, living in caves and cabins in the woods, subsisting on game, berries and on the charity of the lumbering foresters scattered about in this region. They generally appeared at the settlements leading a bear which they had tamed. The man delivered meaningless harangues on religious subjects, and

PROCLAIMED HIMSELF A PROPHET.

Finally they became public nuisances, and were arrested as vagrants in Jackson township and lodged in Stroudsburg jail. While they were in jail the discovery that the supposed man was a woman was made, and soon afterwards the prisoners were recognized by a raftman from the upper Delaware as Lucy Ann Slater and Marie Louise Perry, the paupers of Delhi. They were returned to this place. They remained here for some time when they again left, and until 1876 roamed the woods of northern Pennsylvania, leading their vagrant life and insisting that they were man and wife. In 1876 they were living in a cave in Moosic mountains, near Waymart, Pa. Lucy Ann continued her use of male garments. She was arrested one day while preaching in the above village, and lodged in the Wayne county jail. She was kept there several weeks. Her companion finally prepared a petition to the court for the release of her "husband" from jail on account of "his" failing health. The document was a remarkable one, and is still in the records of the Wayne county. It was couched in

language which was a model of clear and correct English, and was

POWERFUL IN ITS ARGUMENT.

It was written with a pen made from a split stick, the ink being the juice of poke berries. Lucy Ann Lobdell was released from jail. The two went to Damascus township, and in 1877 purchased a farm, which they worked together until a few days since, when Lucy Ann Slater, or Joseph Israel Lobdell, as she insisted on being known, died after a brief illness. She was nearly fifty years of age.

The child that was born to Lucy Ann Lobdell and George Slater was a girl. She found a good home in the family of the former, into which she was adopted, and grew up to be a handsome and intelligent girl. A young man, named Kent, sought her hand in marriage, but his character was not good, and she rejected him. Shortly afterwards, in August, 1871, Miss Slater went from her home to a neighbor's on an errand. When she started home it was dark, and a thunder-storm was coming up. As she was hurrying along the road, she was seized by three men, dragged, grossly maltreated, and taken to the Delaware river and

THROWN INTO THE STREAM.

She was washed up on an island, where she regained consciousness. She was discovered by a man who lived opposite the island and taken to his house. She left there supposing she could find her way home. She wandered into the woods, and, although parties were out searching for her she was not found until three days afterwards. She was insane and nearly dead from hunger. She was returned home, but it was a long time before she regained her reason. Kent and two others were arrested on suspicion of being the parties guilty of the outrage, but nothing could be proved against them. Most people, however, believed that they were the criminals, and they finally disappeared from the place.

A BUMPTIOUS BURGLAR.

How he Descended Like a Wolf by Night on a Quiet Village and Almost Scared it Out of its Wits.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 8.—This city was thrown into quite an excited state early this morning over a report that Andrew Dugan, storekeeper and postmaster at Newtonville, a village seven miles southwest of this city, on the Maysville pike, had been killed by a burglar that he had found in his store, and that the citizens of the village had killed the burglar in their attempt to capture him.

In endeavoring to obtain full particulars we learned that Sheriff Ballou and Lieutenant Linton had been sent for to come to that village. They returned about noon, and from them we learn the following

PARTICULARS OF THE AFFAIR:

About 3 o'clock this morning a messenger arrived from Newtonville asking for a proper officer to come to that place and bring to this city a man that had been captured while in the act of robbing Andrew Dugan's store and post office at that place. About 1 o'clock a man named Mauk, residing next door to the store, hearing a suspicious noise in the store, got up, and dressing himself, went and looked through the window of the store building. He observed a strange man having a candle and ransacking the letters in the post office. He immediately aroused several of his neighbors, and they held a hurried council of war and decided to surround the building and await the exit of the burglar. The burglar, finding he was observed, made

A BOLD DASH TO ESCAPE.

Upon opening the store door he fired his revolver rapidly at the men, which was harmless. The first shot was returned by one of the crowd. At this he made an attempt to run, but was struck in the head by a stone thrown by a young man named Homer Roberts. The burglar, when struck, fell as if killed. The men, thinking it a ruse, did not go immediately to him. He lay quiet for several minutes, and at last they ventured to go to him, when they found he was unconscious, and remained so for nearly an hour. When he became conscious he was secured and a messenger sent to Zanesville for an officer. On the arrival of the sheriff the burglar was searched and \$6 worth of postage stamps and several valuable articles which had been taken from the store, a revolver and \$34 in money

WERE TAKEN FROM HIM.

The man is an entire stranger, no one in that vicinity knowing or having seen him before. He gave three different names—Frank Shaw, William Walters and John Lee—and claims to be from Baltimore. He is about thirty years of age, and dressed in the height of fashion. The officers arrived in this city about noon with their prisoner and lodged him in jail. Dr. Ball made an examination of his wound, and pronounces his skull badly fractured. The prisoner will be arraigned before United States Commissioner Goddard to answer to the charge of robbing the post office.

Mysterious Case of Ruffianism.

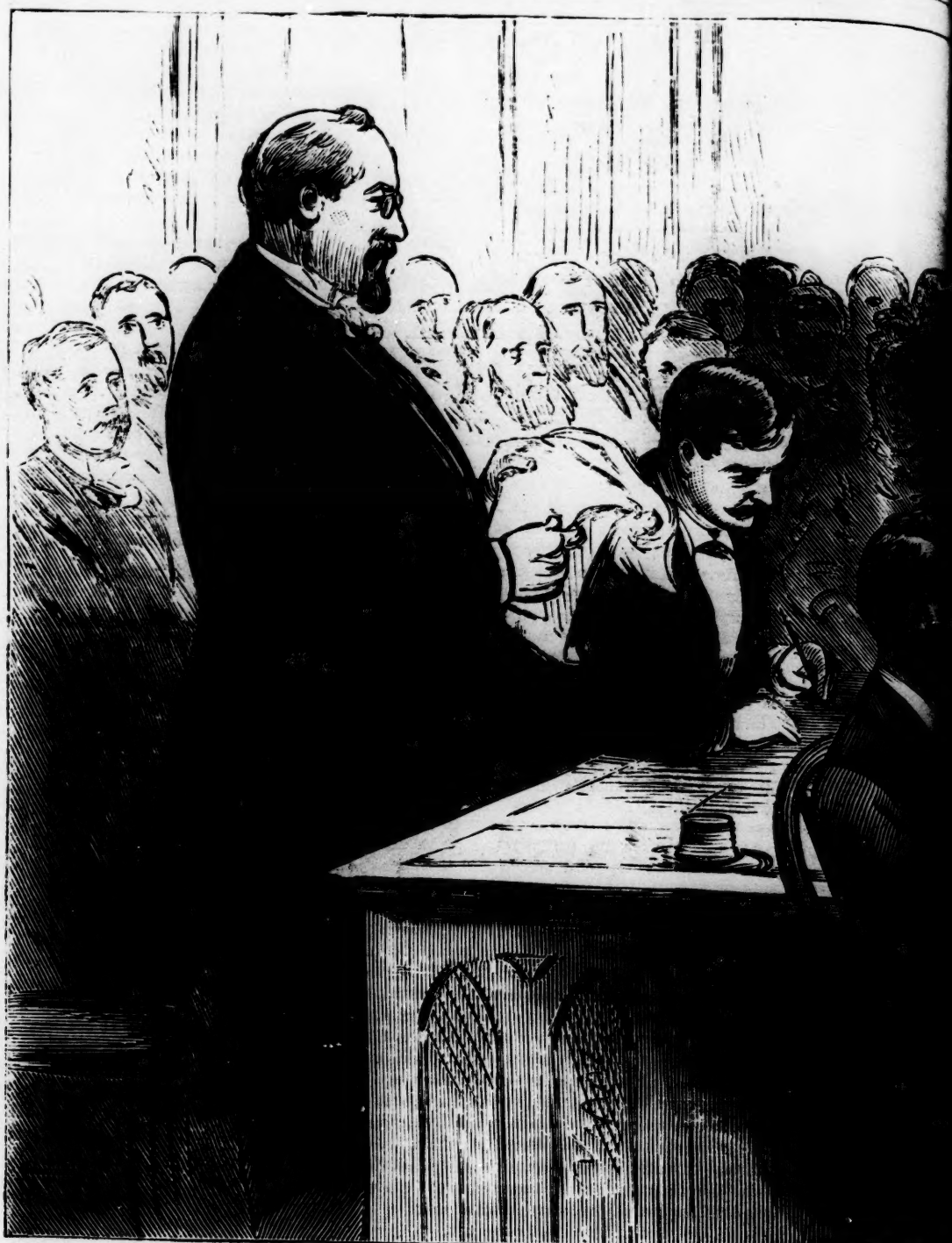
NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 13.—This evening some person, at present unknown, while passing the Griswold Gray cottage on Bellevue avenue, adjoining the Newport Reading Room, fired two bricks at a lady who was sitting on the piazza, and who proved to be Mrs. J. F. Armistead, of Boston, a sister of Mrs. Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore. Fortunately the huge missiles did not strike her, although both of them fell just at her feet. Her husband had started for the steamer en route for New York, but in the meantime he stopped at a friend's house, where he was informed of the outrageous deed. Owing to the excited condition of his wife he was obliged to give up his proposed trip. The police are investigating the matter. Mrs. Armistead recently arrived here, and neither she nor her friends can give any reason why she should have been the victim of assault, and that, too, on her own piazza and in a section of the city which is thickly settled.



PROFESSOR WHITE, THE MEDICAL EXPERT, ON THE STAND.



THE SEARCH FOR OPINIONLESS JURORS.



THE PRISONER SEATED BESIDE HIS WIFE LISTENING TO THE TRIAL OF REV. HERBERT H. HAYDEN, ON THE CHARGE OF MURDERING



THE GREAT HANLAN-COURTNEY BOAT RACE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE TURNS OUT A DISGUSTING FIASCO—COURTNEY FAILING TO PUT



THE READING OF THE INDIOTMENT AGAINST HIM.

Y E. STANNARD; NEW HAVEN, CONN.—SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 7.



TRYING "RACKETS" FOR ADMISSION.



LEADING COUNSEL IN THE CASE.



ARANCE HANLAN ROWS OVER THE COURSE AT HIS EASE AND CLAIMS THE \$6,000 PURSE.—SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE ARTIST. SEE PAGE 2

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

The Number of Righteously Executed
Mollies Reaches a Score With
Pete McManus.

NOT CIRCUMSTANCE BUT CUSSÉDNESS.

PROBABLE MURDER OF A POLICE SERGEANT.

At Elizabeth, N. J., on the 12th, Sergeant John Desmond arrested James Morrow, a notorious convict. While being taken to jail Morrow snatched the officer's club, knocking him senseless with the first blow, and escaped. He was subsequently caught. Desmond's life is despaired of.

MURDER IN AN OPIUM DEN.

LEADVILLE, Col. 12.—A man named James Marahan, better known as "Brocky," was shot twice and instantly killed at an opium den this morning by Charley Campbell. It is said that Brocky came here from Denver with the intention to kill Campbell, who immediately gave himself up after doing the killing.

GUNN, THE PARRICIDE, CAPTURED.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—About 9 o'clock last evening Detectives James P. Wade and George H. Innis, while passing through Court street, discovered Henry J. Gunn, who on September 25 brutally murdered his father, Justin L. Gunn, in Bridgewater, in this state. The officers immediately took him to the station and cautioned him to be careful what he said, as his words might be used against him. He fully confessed his crime.

JUST DOOM OF A HORRIBLE BLACK BRUTE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 12.—Edward Holmes, a negro sixteen years of age, was convicted yesterday in Union county of committing a terrible outrage upon the two-year-old infant daughter of Mr. A. B. Humphreys, his employer, and was sentenced to be hanged on the 21st of November next. The child narrowly escaped death from the effects of her inhuman treatment, and it is a matter of much surprise that the fiend was not lynched ere his trial.

A CASE OF PURE CUSSÉDNESS.

OWATONNA, Minn., Oct. 12.—Frank Capron, a burglar who was shot by W. H. Kelly, Wednesday, died here Friday night, and his body was taken home to Iowa Centre by his father. It appears that his people are wealthy, and he deliberately threw away all the advantages of a good business, backed by wealth and social influence, three years ago, and adopted a life of crime from pure cussedness. He died cursing and glorying in his exploits, a regular young desperado. He is supposed to have been connected with some gang here, and others at large, in many extensive burglaries, but refused to give away his accomplices.

THE TWENTIETH EXECUTED MOLLIE.

Peter McManus was hanged in the jail yard at Sunbury, Pa., on the 9th, for complicity in the murder of Frederick Hesser, Coroner of Northumberland county, Pa., while engaged in his vocation of night watchman at the Hickory Swamp Coal Breaker, in that county, on the night of December 18, 1874. McManus made a partial admission of his knowledge of the murder, but denied being an actor in it. His execution made the twentieth of the Mollie Maguires who have expiated their crimes on the scaffold. Sunbury is the county seat of Northumberland, and McManus' execution was the first that had occurred there since 1792.

SHOOTING ON SHIPBOARD.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Oct. 12.—Between 6 and 7 o'clock last evening, William Foley, a seaman on the barge P. Sparrow, lying here, who was going to leave the boat, requested the mate, Calvin Richby, to pay him thirty cents which he had loaned him. Mate Richby tendered the man \$5, but he could not make the change, and handed it back. The wife of the mate went into the cabin and brought the thirty cents, handing it to Foley, and then the mate ordered him off the boat. Foley said he would not go till he got his clothes, and started for the forecabin, when the mate pulled out a revolver and fired at Foley, the shot striking the left side above the hip and lodging in the abdomen, inflicting a dangerous and probably fatal wound. Richby was arrested and held in bail of \$2,000 to await examination.

A GOOD MAN'S TRIBULATIONS.

George Roberts, twenty-two years of age, of Greenville, N. J., at present residing at 276 Washington street, Jersey City, was stabbed in the arm and back on the night of the 13th, at pier No. 6, North River, near a canal boat, on which he was employed. The man who cut him is called Le Roy Minnick. It appears that Minnick, Roberts and others, who took part in the affray, were employed on the boat. Minnick left it for the reason, as he says, that the crew were a drinking set and otherwise wicked. He went back to get his wages, when his former associates set upon him and beat him. He then drew a knife and stabbed Roberts. Minnick is described on the books of the Chambers Street Hospital, where he was taken after being injured, as a Methodist preacher. The wounded man was conveyed to the Bellevue Hospital, where he now lies.

SCANDAL AND MURDER IN HIGH LIFE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 11.—Judge Hayden, of Wood County Court, a politician well known throughout the State and candidate for Attorney-General on the Greenback ticket two years ago, was shot and killed at Centralia, Wis., last Thursday by W. H. Cochran, cashier of the First National Bank. The affair grew out of the alleged intimacy on the part of Hayden with Cochran's wife, the scandal being one of long standing. Cochran had separated from his wife some time ago, although no divorce had been obtained.

The weapon used was a shotgun, loaded with fine buckshot. The entire charge entered Hayden's right side, killing him instantly. As no words passed between the men, it is thought the killing was premeditated. Excitement at the time ran high, and threats of lynching were freely indulged in, but better counsels prevailed. Cochran delivered himself up, and was committed to jail, but on the following day was attending to business as usual. Judge Hayden will be buried on Sunday, and Cochran will have his examination on Tuesday. Although the murder occurred on Thursday, nothing was known of the affair outside of Centralia until to-day.

A DELIBERATE MURDER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 12.—At Pittsford to-day Patrick Gallagher walked deliberately up to John Ennis and shot him through the head, at about 3 o'clock, without a moment's warning. The shooting took place in the heart of the village, and the excitement became intense at once. A number of persons started in pursuit of the murderer, who pulled off his boots and stockings and ran about a mile before his capture. The shooting was caused by an old grudge, Ennis having at one time been a witness against Gallagher in a lawsuit. Gallagher is now locked up in the county jail, and the coroner took the body of Ennis in charge, the jury rendering a verdict in accordance with the above. Gallagher is about sixty years old, and is a bachelor. He has at different times exhibited signs of insanity, and the lawsuit in which Ennis testified was brought against the Mullane family for, as he supposed, poisoning his well and the food of his cattle. The murdered man, Ennis, was married, about the age of his murderer, and leaves a wife and family of grown-up children. He was highly respected by all his neighbors, and was known as a man of irreproachable character. The feeling is very strong against Gallagher, whose case is to come before the next grand jury.

MURDEROUS KINFOLK.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 12.—This morning, about half-past 6 o'clock, one of the most shocking murders that has been known in this community for years occurred about seven miles west of this city, on what is known as the Lecompton road. The particulars, as far as can be obtained, are that John Wells and William Wadley several years ago married into the family of a well-to-do farmer named Garrett Drew. Soon they became involved in a quarrel which could not be settled, and, both being addicted to drink, trouble was frequently brought up. They were both in the city yesterday, and, after getting several drinks, they met, and, after a few words, one called the other a hard name, and both drew knives, but were separated by a police officer and ordered to go home. Wells was heard to say before he left that he would never take the name he had been called, and left the city vowing vengeance. This forenoon he got out of his bed, telling his wife that he might not be home soon. He loaded his shotgun and rode to the house of Wadley, half a mile distant, and found the latter milking a cow. He rode as near as he could and asked if Wadley would take back what he had said. Wadley said no. Wells immediately fired both barrels. The charges entered Wadley's side and head, killing him instantly. The murderer fled, and has not yet been captured.

A FATHER'S DEADLY BLOW.

Philatus Conkling, a man nearly seventy years of age, was driving through Union street, Paterson, N. J., on Saturday night, 11th inst., with a cord of wood, when he noticed a child about four years of age playing in the middle of the street. He called to it to get out of the way, but the little one paid no attention to him. Exasperated at this, Conkling struck the child with his whip. Mr. John H. Walthall, the little one's father, witnessing the occurrence from the window of his residence, ran out and expostulated with Conkling. Hard words ensued, and Walthall, who was beside himself with rage at the injury his child had received, seized a piece of cordwood from the wagon and brought it down with terrible force on the old man, Conkling. The blow struck the latter on the left side. He swayed heavily, but regained his equilibrium and shouted to the horses to go on. He arrived safely at his residence, 76 Market street, not two blocks from the scene of the occurrence, but could hardly get out of the wagon. He was assisted into the house and City Physician Myers summoned. An examination of the extent of the injuries showed that one of the ribs had been broken off completely and two others fractured. The suffering man continued falling fast, and the physicians regard his condition as critical. Mr. Walthall, the assailant, has been arrested. He is prominently connected with the silk interest in Paterson, is a man of wealth and respectability, a prominent democratic politician of the Fifth ward, and spoken of as a candidate for member of Assembly from the First district of Passaic county. He is detained by warrant of Recorder Warren, who refused all offers of bail after taking what he believed to be the dying deposition of Conkling.

Negro Murderers Lynched.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 8.—On September 27, Dick Woods, a storekeeper on the line of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, was found murdered in his store, and the store robbed. Last Saturday a negro named Tom Jones was arrested while trying to sell a pair of sleeve buttons belonging to the murdered man. Jones implicated another negro, Billy Reason, who was also arrested. Both confessed the murder, saying that they killed Woods by hitting him on the head with a car coupling pin while he was in the act of drawing beer for them. They also confessed that they had other murders in view if they got off with this one. Jones and Reason were taken from custody on Monday night by unknown persons and hanged from the bridge at White's Creek.

A young lady of Philadelphia had her pocket picked of a wallet containing \$5. On ascertaining her loss she found that a diamond ring, pronounced to be worth \$300, had slipped from the thief's finger during the operation and remained in her pocket.

JOE "THE WOLF."

A Romance in the Rough Embodying a
Portrait of a Typical Frontier Desperado,
and a Thrilling Episode of Rude
Life in the Far West.

In the San Francisco Argonaut, Mariner J. Kent relates the following thrilling episode of the sage brush. Battle Mountain, nearly the centre of the desert state of Nevada, is not a particularly attractive village. A railroad office and a freight depot, a row of business houses and saloons, and a cluster of unpretentious dwellings comprise its extent. At the time of which I write, some five years ago, it was a lively burg, however, and a rough one. A small army of teamsters and miners, and a coterie of three-card monte men who made it their headquarters, kept the otherwise peaceful village in a ferment of wild excitement. The course of these reckless denizens was marked by periodical shooting scrapes, frequent fist encounters, and continuous drunken bouts.

Half-dozing one day in a saloon, I was aroused by the remark most emphatically delivered, "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!" The speaker, a large magnificent, proportioned ruffian, supplemented the peculiar description of himself with, "Pards, come and drink." With the exception of myself every man in the room gathered around the bar, addressing the powerful stander of treats as Joe. The glasses were filled and tipped, when

HE TURNED AND NOTICED ME.

I saw the quick, wicked flash of anger in his eyes. After a momentary survey he broke silence, and this terse dialogue followed:

"Yer from the city, ain't yer?"

"I am."

"Yer don't know me, do yer?"

"I don't."

"Take a drink an' git acquainted, then."

"Don't drink."

"Smoke then."

"Don't smoke."

"Do yer shoot?"

"Not worth a continental."

"My years of assurance acquired as a correspondent, and my knowledge of aggressive characters, did not prevent me from feeling some uneasiness as I observed my interrogator's dextrous fingers slide to his belt and grasp the hilt of his 'whistler.' An unpleasant termination of the conversation was avoided by the strange appearance of a woman who stepped from the overland train, just then arrived, and directed her steps toward the saloon. She was rather a comely-looking female of thirty-eight or more, and evidently ill and suffering from the

EFFECTS OF AN EXTENDED DEBAUCH.

Joe stared at her as one looks at the arisen dead for a moment, and then walked quietly to the door, threw himself into the saddle and rode away. As he passed the woman she lifted her hands imploringly toward him and fell to the earth unconscious. She was borne to the hotel, and the kind women of the village did what they could for her. She spoke no word when recovered from her swoon, but lay quietly, unmindful of her life fast ebbing away.

During the day I inquired of Broken-nosed Charley, who knew every body and every thing about the town, regarding the man Joe. Charley said that little was known of him, except that he mined some, gambled some, drank like mad, and altogether was a bad lot. He had killed two or three men, and had been shot and cut himself several times. He invariably preceded an invitation to imbibe, or the shooting of a man, by the expression: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf. From this idiosyncrasy and his blood-thirsty disposition he was known and dreaded as

"THE WOLF."

Prudent people addressed him as Joe.

The Wolf returned to town the next day, and on entering the saloon from which he had made his hurried exit quietly asked:

"Has that ar woman gone?"

He was told that she was sick and could live but a very short time. A great change came over his face; the hard furrows of dissipation and crime were transformed to the pitiable lines of sorrow. Not noticing the drama proffered by the bar-keeper, he hastened to the hotel and made his way to the bedside of the dying woman. Abruptly he questioned:

"Was yer follering him?"

"No, Joe; I was hunting him."

"Sure?"

"So help me God?"

The poor, white face, scarred and deep-seamed by excesses and sin, grew radiant with gladness as Joe knelt down and kissed her. With a seal of forgiveness, with the pressure of his lips but half returned, she sank back dead.

Through the service of the simple burial the following day Joe stood with uncovered head, but his bronzed and immovable features betrayed no emotion, nor vouchsafed any clew to the mystery that enshrouded the

COFFINED OUTCAST AND HIMSELF.

The evening of the funeral the Wolf called on me at my rooms. Seating himself, without preface he said:

"As a man of sense an' no coward, yer kin look at a brave man's agony in the right way. The past I've hidden for twenty years, fur I ain't the kind to carry my heart on my sleeve fur daws to peck at. But thar's a feeling as though I'd choke if I didn't talk to some one. The woman buried to-day war my wife. Here's some letters the wimin folks found on her an' give to me. Yer look them over while I chin, fur I'm slow on the read. We were married in the States when she war sixteen an' I just come of age. A bit after I got the gold fever an' went to California. In a couple of years I made quite a pile, an' went home fur her. She war changed, an' it warn't long before I heard the stories, an' found the truth, that she had gone wrong. He war a fine-haired chap who had come into town while I war away. I war a likely young fellow then, but the blow

TURNED ME INTO A DEVIL.

I went fur him, but he heard of it and slid out fur California. I follered, an' fur twenty years I've bin hunting him all over this coast. A voice of hell has urged me on, an' I've killed men that the taste of blood might keep fierce my hope of revenge. I've never found him. During these years I've heard about her once in a while, an' how she war drinking and going to the dogs. I'd allus meant to see her when I'd settled with him. His name war Bill Armstrong."

The letters taken from the dead woman, which I had been looking over, were mostly answers to inquiries regarding the whereabouts of her husband. An unfinished letter of her own to some friend in the east, and dated a few days previous to her death, showed that to this poor, lost creature, with the grasp of death upon her, there had come back to her the glory of her first and only pure love, and the unconquerable desire to die at his feet.

FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF HIS CURSE.

Strangely enough another letter gave information of Bill Armstrong, and stated that he was living near Boise City, in Idaho. These two I read to the desperate man who sat before me, his burning eyes gleaming with pain and his lips mute with anguish. When I ceased he grasped my hand with "Thank yer, stranger," and left the room. I watched him mount his horse and ride out into the black night. The Wolf was again on the trail.

The circumstances I have related were vividly recalled to my mind during my present visit to Battle Mountain by casually overhearing an account of a fatal shooting affair between Bill Armstrong, a mining speculator, and Joe, the Wolf, at Boise City, in 1878. The details of the encounter I give in the words of the narrator, who was an eye witness:

"Joe met Armstrong on the street, and with the single exclamation, 'I'm Aggie's husband,' pulled and fired. From some unaccountable reason he missed. Armstrong returned the fire, shooting Joe

PLUMP THROUGH THE HEART.

He fell on one knee, and for a second swayed like a reed before the storm. Grand in his physical strength, in the power of his hate, he recovered himself. As from his ashen lips rang out the old cry: 'It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!' he fired, killing Armstrong instantly, and fell upon his face dead."

Thoughtfully, to-day I sought the pauper's field, and stood before the rude pine head board which bore the name of her whose weakness had destroyed three lives. It was almost hidden by clumps of sage-brush, which, unsightly and pallid green, were fitting growths of unhallowed ground.

The old story of shame and sorrow, common in all the epochs of the world as the grains of sand that drifted over her lonely, uncared for grave. Yet rarely is the recompense for sin so terribly meted out as in the tragic end and wayward, bitter lives of Joe and Aggie Garland.

The Blair Trial.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The trial of Joseph A. Blair in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Essex county, in Newark, N. J., was continued last week. One of the prominent incidents and the most dramatic scene of the trial was the testimony of the prisoner on the 13th, in the part where he described the shooting, and re-enacted the tragedy, so to speak, before the spectators, an accurate illustration of his graphic description of which has been elsewhere given by our artist.

"John came to work for me June 1," the prisoner stated, in response to questions by Prosecutor Abeel. "I called his attention to the pistol on the shelf in his bedroom in the barn. I bought that pistol from Adolph, the second man I had here before John, for \$3 or perhaps for \$2. Adolph kept it in a box at the further end of the shelf in the bedroom. I don't know where Mott King kept it usually, but when I called John's attention to it, it was lying on the end of the shelf (where the prisoner says it was when Armstrong reached for it and he shot him). When I got my pistol before the shooting I put it in my pocket in my room and I did not take it out until I saw John reaching for his pistol in his room."

Q.—How did you hold your pistol when you fired?

A.—I think just in this way.

Mr. Blair took the pistol which was handed to him by an officer of the court and put it into his hip pocket. Then he drew it out, and holding it near his side pocket, with the barrel slanting downward, said:

"I meant to shoot about in this way."

"But what I want just now," said Mr. Abeel, "is not the direction in which you intended to fire, but the nearness to your own body with which you held the pistol."

"Well," was the reply, "I held it about here (keeping the pistol in the same position in which he had first placed it), close to my side, here."

This threw his elbow back of his body. There were no marks of powder on the clothes of Armstrong, and the prosecution will not admit that there were powder marks on the skin near the wounds. As Blair testifies he shot Armstrong when he was close upon him, firing the second shot only when he was able to grasp the pistol in Armstrong's right hand, Mr. Abeel desired to show that Blair's pistol must have been held much further from Armstrong than would have been probable in such a close encounter.

In Boston on the 11th, the Grand Jury found a new indictment against Charles Desmond, in seven counts, charging him, in three counts, with embezzling \$40,000 of the property of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society on Sept. 1, 1873; \$50,000 on March 1, 1877; \$65,000 on March 1, 1878; and \$70,000 on Sept. 1, 1878.

Dr. N. C. McLean, of London, England, arrived in New York with his wife a few days ago and was sent by the managers of the Continental Hotel to take rooms at 34 East Twentieth street. At night, during the absence of Doctor McLean and wife from their rooms, one of their trunks was broken open and \$15,000 worth of bank of England notes were stolen.

WOOD'S WORK.

How a Jealous Husband Prepared a Trap to Catch His Supposed Unfaithful Wife, Thought he Had it Down Fine

AND THEN SPRUNG IT

With the Result of Being Caught in His Own Device and Finding Himself the

MOST SURPRISED MAN OF THE PERIOD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—Our neighboring city of Hamilton was yesterday treated to a startling surprise, which was originally mapped out for a sensation. It involved a prominent proprietor of a billiard saloon and restaurant at Lebanon, by the name of Nathan Wood, and one Dr. Snowden, the well-known peddler of Dr. Creighton's medicines. Snowden is a voluble talker and street fakir, who travels from county to county during the fair season selling Dr. Creighton's patent liniment, and is a fine, prepossessing fellow of more than usual good address. He is a married man.

Last night a stranger appeared at one of the first ward livery stables at Hamilton with a buggy, and after putting up asked if any one knew Dr. Snowden, and whether he was in town, and if so, where. He was informed of that gentleman's presence, and that he was stopping at Thompson's boarding house on Main street. He then took into his confidence one of the men, and gave him a little history of himself and his matrimonial troubles. He lived, he said, in Lebanon, and was married, his wife being Mary Wood, and went on to tell how he, for a certain reason, became suspicious that she was unfaithful to her marriage vows, and so some time ago sued for a divorce, whereupon

SHE FILED A SUIT FOR ALIMONY.

Yesterday, he says, his wife left Lebanon in a hack and went over to Hamilton. He remembered then that during the Warren County Fair she had been more intimate with Dr. Snowden than was warranted in a married woman, and the suspicion struck him that more than likely Snowden was in Hamilton attending the Butler County Fair, and her visit to that city was to meet him. Therefore he took a horse and buggy, and, disguised with a pair of heavy false whiskers, followed after her, arriving as above stated.

He was taken to Mayor Egly, of Hamilton, who, after hearing his complaint that his wife was at Thompson's house, and registered as the wife of Snowden, before taking hold of the case advised him to secure the services of a lawyer, which he did, in the person of Aaron Weaco, who drew up two affidavits: one charging Mary E. Wood, his wife, with committing adultery with Dr. Snowden, whose given name is not known. The other charged that Snowden, on the 8th day of October, 1879, at Hamilton, Ohio, then and there being a married man, did, then and there, commit adultery with Mary E. Wood, &c., she being a married woman, as the said Snowden well knew. After they had been duly sworn to by Nathan Wood, warrants were issued and placed in the hands of Captain Joseph Myers, captain of the police, and arrangements all made that at the dead hour of midnight Myers and the chief of police, Dirk, accompanied by Wood, should repair to Thompson's boarding house and

TAKE THE GUILTY PAIR IN THE ACT.

Wood was very anxious that the thing should be made public and find its way into the papers, and asked that a reporter might be sent for to witness the exposure. After all their arrangements had been made, Wood went back to the first ward to await the hour agreed upon. In the meantime it was learned that Snowden, with his wife, had retired to bed at 7 o'clock, and while the Mayor and officers were quietly sitting in the office a long alarm of danger came in on the telephone from the first ward, and a call for the officers, as there was trouble. Myers and Dirk ran over to Met Wood, who insisted on repairing immediately to Snowden's bed-room. All the parties went, and, securing lamps of Mr. Thompson, walked up stairs. Before coming to the room the captain said that men, when they caught other men in bed with their wives, generally were inclined to shoot, and therefore, for the protection of all, he would search Mr. Wood, which he proceeded to do, and took from him a 32-calibre revolver, which Wood at the time had in his hand. The officer then knocked at Snowden's door, which was

PARTIALLY OPENED BY THE DOCTOR.

Myers forced himself in, and, placing the lamp upon a table, said: "I have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Snowden," and was reaching in his pocket for those interesting documents to read him, while the doctor, amazed and bewildered, stood gaping at them, with nothing on but his shirt. In the meantime Wood had rushed across the room to the bed in which was lying a woman, and, as he pulled down the bedding, said: "How do you do, Mary? I have caught you at last." The woman said nothing, but endeavored to hide herself and blushes under the bed-clothing, and as she did not scream out Wood thought she did not recognize him; so he jerked off his false whiskers, and, giving the clothes a vigorous pull, stuck his face into that of the woman, saying: "You don't know me, do you?" Hardly had he uttered the words than he sprang back and exclaimed:

"MY GOD! IS IT THE WRONG WOMAN?"

Then, rushing across to the officers, he said: "She ain't my wife; come, let us go." The officers took it all in and beat a hasty retreat, apologizing as best they could. Dr. Snowden was in his own room, and the woman was his lawful wife.

Myers, on leaving the room, then said to Wood: "I arrest you, sir, for carrying concealed weapons," and marched him over to the station-house, where he was

fined \$1 and cost and let go. Wood seemed very crest-fallen, and said he would not have had it happen for \$500. Mrs. Mary E. Wood late last night, it was learned, was at the St. James Hotel, a square from the Thompson boarding house, where she has been since her arrival in that city, but where she had not at that hour registered. The whole affair no doubt will give rise to one or two libel suits, and damage Wood's suit for divorce. The officers are feeling badly over the matter, but no blame can attach to them. Wood is a man of about thirty-eight years of age, while his wife is represented as a fine, handsome woman of thirty-two.

A TALE OF HORROR.

An American Consul Devoured by His Starving Comrades After the Party Had Been Set Ashore on a Barren Island by a Mysterious Crew.

CARTHAGE, N. Y., Oct. 3.—Some time during the year 1869 or '70, President Grant appointed Mr. C. L. Smith, of this place, as consul at some station on the Amoor river, in Siberia. Smith had no family except his wife—who, by the way, was a very estimable lady—so they disposed of their household furniture, and Mrs. Smith went to live with relatives in Chicago. Smith arrived at his destination in due time, and kept up a regular correspondence with a gentleman of this town, who had been a boarder in the family for years. The position was not to Smith's liking, so after he had been there some little time, he resigned, and accepted a situation which had been tendered him upon going abroad, as representative of a company of Germans in New York city, who were trading in furs.

Smith was an adept in the fur trade, and possessed of good business qualifications. He, with other representatives of the firm, went to a remote part of China, and there engaged in the trade with good success.

How long they remained there I am not informed, but long enough so that they had accumulated a fortune, not only for the company, but for themselves. This is about the last that is heard concerning them. Months and years roll along, and

NO TIDINGS CAME FROM THEM.

Letters of relatives and friends, addressed to the New York firm, inquiring about Mr. Smith are unanswered, or the reply is unsatisfactory. Finally it is given out that the party returning home were cast away and all were lost.

This version was generally accepted as true, and our citizens never once dreamed of the terrible fate that had overtaken their former neighbor and townsman. The true story was wormed out of the firm in New York by a gentleman, a friend of Mr. Smith, who had a personal interview with them with the view to get at the truth of the matter. The members of the said firm have since quit business and returned to Germany. From them he heard that the party, when they had got ready to come home, chartered a Chinese "junk" to convey them to some port where they could intercept a main line of steamers and get passage to this country. That when they were well under way the crew mutinied and set the whole party off on a barren island, with just the little clothing they had on their backs not a dollar of money, and

NO WATER OR FOOD.

They remained there without sighting any craft until they were nearly dead with starvation, and then they realized that some one of the party must die that the rest might live. They cast lots, and Smith was the man, and was put to death. The remainder of the party, who were alive, were rescued soon after. This is the story in substance which was told to the gentleman referred to, and which has been a secret among four or five, his wife not even knowing the truth. She had been an invalid for years, and was recently found dead in her bed. Since then the story has been made public. The gentleman who learned the particulars from the New York house was shown a Chinaman who was one of the survivors of the party, having served them as an interpreter.

Mr. Smith, before the war, was an enterprising business man of Carthage. He had run a stove factory, conducted a store, and engaged in various kinds of business. He was a man of fine personal appearance; well educated; a good conversationalist, with pleasant, easy manners which would

WIN FAVOR ANYWHERE.

He had one of the finest residences in the village. The grounds were well shaded, laid out with grand walks and everything in and about the premises was a model of beauty and neatness, so much so that he was known as "Fancy Charley." At the breaking out of the rebellion he organized a company for the Gov. Morgan Flying Artillery, but the regiment, the Second New York Artillery, served as heavy artillery, which is the same as infantry. Smith was commissioned captain of company "H," a company I made mention of recently, in referring to Lieutenant Johnson, who was visiting here from the west. An organization which is very dear to the memory of "Gordon Hill," who joined it as a "raw recruit" in the winter of '62, and drew his rations with the "boys" until October, '65—some time after the

LAST GUN HAD BEEN FIRED.

In the year 1862, charges were preferred against Captain Smith for defrauding the Government. Pending the court-martial, our regiment was ordered out to reinforce General Pope, and Smith marched out with the company under arrest, and participated with them in the second battle of Bull Run. He was afterward tried, found guilty, and dishonorably dismissed from the service, but later got a re-hearing and was re-instated by order of President Lincoln. He then remained in command of the company until the battle of North Ann River, during the campaign of '64. Then he fell out, was sent back to Washington, and soon resigned his commission, and engaged in the manufacture of stoves, etc., at Tennallytown, Md., a little place about ten miles from Washington. There he remained until he received the above-mentioned appointment, which proved unfortunate for him, and sad to his family and friends.

A FAIR GIRL'S FATE.

Shocking Revelation of Betrayal, Abortion and Death Which Horrified a Quiet New Hampshire Neighborhood.

BRADFORD, N. H., Oct. 10.—There is great excitement over the death of Miss Nellie F. Bumford, which occurred at Roland D. Pollard's in East Lempster on Sunday last. The investigation shows that two persons are guilty of murder, one of whom has already been arrested, while the other is supposed to be hiding in a forest swamp in this town, which is being watched by a sheriff and posse. The first step toward a legal investigation of the case was taken by Moses H. Woods, chairman of the board of selectmen of Washington, who went to S. W. Holman, a lawyer of Hillsboro Bridge, and suggested to him the propriety of an examination into the case. Mr. Holman at once began to look up the matter, and communicated with Hon. M. W. Tappan of this town, attorney-general of the state. Col. Tappan gave Mr. Holman full authority to examine the case as soon as he

PROPER EVIDENCE WAS OBTAINED.

A complaint and warrant were sworn out for the arrest of Roland D. Pollard, charging him with procuring a criminal operation upon Miss Bumford, and for being accessory to the same fact. Deputy Sheriff Fred. W. Gould of Hillsboro Bridge and Mr. Holman went to East Lempster, and arrested Pollard at his home, at 11 o'clock, on Wednesday night last. Pollard was in bed, but got up, and the legal papers were served upon him. He did not appear excited, and assumed an air of innocence. Pollard was arraigned at Bradford Springs, last night, before Justice Wm. H. Manahan of Hillsboro. He pleaded not guilty, and, waiving an examination, was held for trial and remanded to the custody of the officer.

Before daylight Pollard completely broke down, and confessed many circumstances connected with it. Pollard is thirty years old, and lives with his parents and a brother and his family. He owns a farm and saw-mill, the family as a whole having considerable property. Pollard became acquainted with Miss Bumford several years ago, and had been paying his addresses to her for some time past. The public understood that the two were engaged, and their marriage was

EXPECTED TO TAKE PLACE SOON.

Miss Bumford was a daughter of Saul Bumford of this town, who committed suicide some dozen years ago. The deceased had a mother, two sisters—Mrs. Woods of Washington and Mrs. Upton of Warner—and also a young brother. The family were poor, but Nellie, by her own efforts obtained a good public school education, and had taken lessons in music. She was twenty-two years old and very handsome, having a fine figure and delicate complexion and black hair and eyes. She has many friends, and was always greatly respected wherever she had lived.

A few months ago, in view of her expected marriage, she took up her home with the Pollard family. Recently she was seized with a peculiar sickness and grew worse rapidly. Dr. Butler of Lempster was called, and found that Miss Bumford had been the victim of a criminal operation. She was soon beyond professional help, and died with great suffering at 4:30 on Sunday afternoon last. The Pollard family, her mother and Mr. and Mrs. Woods

WERE WITH HER AT THE LAST.

A few hours before she died she called her mother to the bedside, and made her dying declaration of her cause and circumstances of her death. At this stage of the investigation it is not proper to make public the statement that the poor dying girl made, but it may be said that the declaration bears overwhelming evidence of the two persons accused. She was taken by Pollard to the residence of Dr. P. B. Richards of this town, where the operation was performed. Dr. Richards is an eclectic physician, and for some time has had a reputation for this kind of practice. He has lived many years in this town, is of Indian descent, and calls himself "the Indian doctor." He is some fifty years old, married, and has a good property. Martin B. Richards, a regular physician of Ludlow, Vt., is his brother.

Immediately after the arrest of Pollard the officers came to this town to arrest Dr. Richards,

BUT HE HAD FLED.

He is undoubtedly concealed in a swamp not far from his home. Deputy Sheriff Frank M. Tappan of this town, who has papers for Richards' arrest, has secured a posse to help him, and is determined that the hiding criminal will not escape from the town. The warrant for the arrest of Dr. Richards charges him with murder. The latest developments are such that if Pollard should obtain bail, he would be immediately rearrested for murder, as the result for the abortion shows that the child was alive.

The funeral of the victim occurred on Tuesday. There were prayers at the Pollard house, after which the remains were carried into the Congregational Church at Washington Centre, where Rev. Mr. Fletcher officiated at the public services. There was a large attendance of people, and great respect was shown for the dead. The burial was at the cemetery at Hillsboro lower village.

Although the physicians have positive evidence as to the cause of her death, yet, under the direction of the civil authorities, it is expected the body will be exhumed, and a post-mortem examination held. This morning Pollard showed an officer where the fetus was buried, and it was dug up.

Supposed Crime of a Tramp.

At Elizabeth, N. J., two unknown men were struck by a train on the Central railroad, near Crawford, on the night of the 12th, and were killed. They were sitting on the ends of the ties when struck, and are supposed to have been placed there by Pat Burns, a tramp, who has been arrested on suspicion of foul play. Burns was seen in Crawford during the day, and he bought a bottle of alcohol, on which the men

probably got drunk. He was found near the place of the accident.

A HOARY REPROBATE.

Singular Plot of a Gray-Haired Sinner to Force a Young Girl Into an Unwilling Marriage With him.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 9.—A case of vicious assault, in which a sturdy, gray-haired man of fifty was assailant, and a fair, fragile girl of sixteen the victim, was witnessed on a recent evening by chance passers through upper Mason street.

The girl in the case is an orphan of French parentage, who has long resided in this city, and who is heirless to a small property, at the present time in the hands of her guardian. The old-man husband, reputed to be of sporting proclivities, has long had his home in New York, but of late has made his headquarters at Fargo, Dakota, Davenport, Iowa, and in Milwaukee. A few weeks since the young girl left this city, purposing to visit some friends in Davenport. Shortly after her arrival there she first met the aged chap who now claims her as his wife, and for some cause, not yet fully developed (unless it may have been to secure control of the money which she will have in coming of age), he determined, by fair means or foul, to marry her.

As a preliminary to this purpose he is reported to have intercepted letters between the young girl and her accepted lover, whose home is at Fargo, Dakota, and finally to have caused open rupture between the young people by means of forged telegrams to

THE GIRL'S AFFIANCED HUSBAND.

The plucky young girl, ignorant of her lover's sudden estrangement, and determined to learn whether it was with proper foundation or not, promptly left Davenport for the north, intent upon finding the young man and learning from his own lips what had "gone awry."

When the girl's present husband learned that she had left Davenport with the probable intent of seeking her lover, he telegraphed to the sheriff of Ramsey county, at St. Paul, that the girl was a runaway, under age, and asked that she be arrested and held by the St. Paul officers. To this telegram he signed the name of the girl's lawful guardian. By a brief word from friends in Davenport the girl learned that some one—her real guardian, she supposed—was after her, and, possessing herself of a suit of boy's clothing, she furnished the disguise which prevented her arrest in St. Paul. In her boy's duds she went from St. Paul to Detroit, Minn., and at the latter place she again assumed proper apparel, going thence to Moorhead, where she had old-time friends residing. In all her journeying, however, she failed to meet the

LOVER FOR WHOM SHE WAS SEARCHING.

Within a few days after her arrival at Moorhead the old gray-beard, who all unknown to her, had been the cause of her accumulating trouble, reached Moorhead also. He paid assiduous court to the girl, and she was for a few days much in his company, though, as she claims, entirely unsuspecting of his purpose to make her his wife. At last, at a social gathering in Moorhead, the wily old man took the hostess of the evening in his confidence, and by some argument of lucre, or by other strong inducement, she was persuaded when wine was to be served to the company to allow the old man to drug the glass intended for the young woman.

Shortly after the potion had been taken, the aged Adonis conducted the young girl to his carriage, with the intent, as announced to her, of taking her to the house of friends over in Fargo, with whom she was to spend the night. Soon after entering the carriage, the girl became partly unconscious from the drug, and the old man, having previously prepared himself with a license, drove to the residence of a justice of the peace in the suburb of Moorhead and making the excuse that the lady, suffering from an injured foot, was unable to walk, prevailed on the accommodating justice to marry them as they sat in the carriage, thus avoiding exposure of the fact that the

GIRL WAS IN A HALF UNCONSCIOUS STATE.

With his bride secured, the old man returned to the residence where the evening had been spent socially, and producing his marriage certificate asked the hospitality of the people of the house for his bride and himself during the night. The wife, as noted above, is reported to have been cognizant of the drugging of the wine, consented; but her husband, innocent of any wrong to the girl, and noticing that she was suffering from something akin to partial intoxication, refused to entertain the couple as man and wife, and refused to let the aged man take his wife from the house.

Recovering during the night from the effects of her dosing, the young woman protested when shown the certificate that she had no recollection of having been married, and besought her friends to send her to Milwaukee before her husband of a night could claim her. The gentleman at whose house she was interested himself in her behalf and started her for Milwaukee on the following day, and before her new made husband had

LEARNED OF HER CONTEMPLATED FLIGHT.

Missing his victim from Moorhead and Fargo, the old chap came to Milwaukee, rightly suspecting that his young wife would put herself under the protection of friends here. He arrived the latter part of last week, soon learned her whereabouts, and, communicating with her, insisted that she should return to Fargo and live with him as his wife. This she persistently refused to do, and last Monday night, as a final resort, having seen her on the street, he followed her in a hack, determined on a forcible abduction. When the girl had reached the secluded portion of Mason street, near Van Buren, he jumped from the hack, and, seizing hold of her, insisted that she should enter the carriage with him. When she resisted and promised to give an alarm that would call help, he became enraged, seeing that his plan was frustrated, and struck the young girl violently in the face, felling her to the walk. Then, for a further spite, seizing a hand-bag that she carried, he wrested it from her grasp, and, jumping into the carriage which he had at hand, escaped.

A Moral Man's Distressing Predicament.

A recent issue of *The Iowa Liberal* contained the story of illicit love and unwise gratification of un holy affection printed below. The recital is of some interest in Chicago and vicinity, as the Stickerspoken of is said to be C. G. Wicker, at one time a Chicago alderman, and a man of avowed high morality, now president of the Dakota Southern Railroad. While here he frowned upon the wicked of this ungodly city, and bespoke for wrong-doers an exceptionally warm corner in the "lower world." The young lady is said to be a Miss Hunter, now living with her father at Sioux Falls, Dakota. Report has it that she was engaged to the young man who was the confederate of the hotel proprietor in rendering the door of her room unsafe, by means of wooden pins. It is scarcely necessary to state that

THE MATCH IS OFF.

The story told of the pair is as follows: "Now Sioux City renews her experience as a scandal-town, the item which we give below being the first of a new deal. Our informant is a reliable party who knows all the facts and was an eye-witness to the development; he says the scene beggars description. There is in Sioux City a wealthy and well known railroad



THE BURNET HOUSE TRAGEDY FLORENCE McDONALD; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER HER SUICIDAL ACT.

magnate whom we call Sticker, although that is not his name. Sticker has a family, and is reckoned among the 'first' men of the town (and he was one of the 'first' to get out of that bedroom!) Sticker has long been suspected of loving not wisely but too well a certain milliner in the ungodly city, and of late he has been under surveillance. Twice or thrice a week this old reprobate, who affects the sanctimonious in his make-up, has hied himself to his fair charmer's domain, with each succeeding visit becoming more bold. We say here that the guilty woman boards at



MISS MARY E. STANNARD, FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF WHOM REV. HERBERT H. HAYDEN IS ON TRIAL IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.

one of Sioux City's best hotels. The proprietor has been somewhat suspicious of late, and one day last week, when the milliner was absent, he drew all the screws from the lock on her room door, substantiating wooden plugs. He then awaited results;

NOW HAD HE LONG TO WAIT.

The pretty milliner entered the house, and quickly to her room departed, followed shortly by the amorous old Sticker. The hotel man allowed the parties some little time, and then he and a confederate ascended to the hall upon which the milliner's room was situated, where they engaged in a friendly scuffle, falling accidentally against the door of the female's room. Just then there was a tableaux, which words cannot adequately describe; but suffice it to say old Sticker (that's pretty near his name) and the pretty milliner were in a state of nudity, reclining upon the

bed. Sticker began to fume and swear, but soon became mollified and asked how much it 'would take to keep the thing quiet.' He was informed that \$1,000 in hand well and truly paid would suppress the unpleasantness, but this figure was too high for the old cuss, who declared he wouldn't give but \$50. The proprietor of the house then said that he would make the disgraceful affair public, when Sticker renewed his vile language, asserting that the hotel was known far and wide as a disreputable house, and that the proprietor made his money by

BLACKMAILING GENTLEMEN.

This was too much for the landlord, who gently, but firmly, lifted the shirtless Sticker from his non-matrimonial couch and kicked him down stairs sans pants, sans coat, sans shirt, sans everything. The woman was packed out of the house, and is now at Sioux

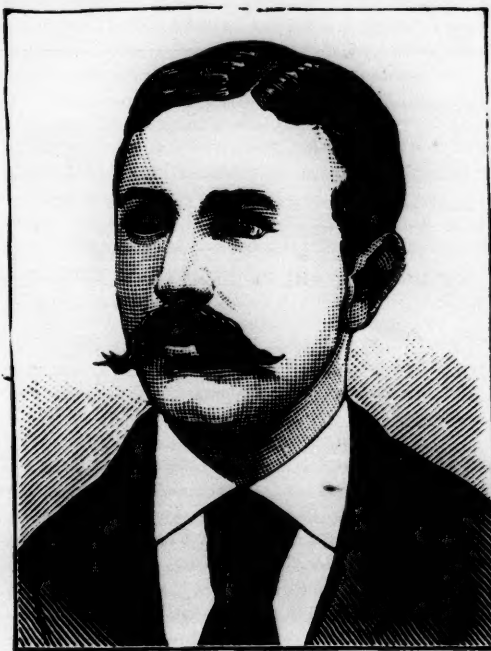
Falls, while her unfortunate paramour is still in the city, carrying a cane, and swearing that his kidney troubles are almost killing him. These facts are known to everybody in Sioux City, but strange to say, the *Journal* has never hinted of the affair. Was it \$50 that kept this scandal out of the *Journal*, or isn't the local of the *Journal* as good a Hunter as the female portion of the domestic drama? We pause for a reply, but in the meantime would advise old Sticker to bring suit against the landlord of the hotel for trespass and for disturbing the peace."

A Terrible Parisian Crime.

PARIS, Oct. 10.—On Monday, in the Faubourg Saint Honore, near the Palais Elysee, a chemist named Lagrange and a female domestic were found murdered. The motive of the crime was plunder. The probable murderer is an apprentice of Lagrange, a young Swiss named Arnold Walter, who has been traced to Antwerp. It is believed he there embarked for America, where he is said to have an uncle living.

A Divorce Out of a Divorce.

Mrs. Laura E. Byrne has begun a suit for absolute



SILVESTER M. HICKEY, SHOT BY FLORENCE McDONALD, HIS DISCARDED MISTRESS, IN THE BURNET HOUSE, CINCINNATI.

divorce from her husband, Charles A. Byrne, editor of the *Dramatic News*, a theatrical journal printed in this city, and Judge Donohue on the 11th, referred the case to E. D. Gale for hearing. Dr. A. P. Merrill has sued for absolute divorce from his wife, Alfa Merrill, an actress, on the ground of adultery with Charles A. Byrne, and the hearing in the case before J. Sanford Potter, referee, was concluded on Friday, 10th inst. The papers will be presented to Judge Donohue for decision within the eight days allowed by law.



CHARLES COURTNEY.

EDWARD HANLAN.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, N. Y.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

An Old New York Merchant Shot and Killed in his Residence by his Nephew Under the Impression That he Was a Burglar.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Joseph D. Barker at one time kept a shoe store in Chatham street, not far from Chatham square, of which the sign was an enormous boot, yet well remembered by old residents of the city. Subsequently he engaged in the real estate business, and lately, having become an infirm old man, he lived in the house of his sister, Mrs. B. U. Clark, not far from the center of New Rochelle, on what is known as the old Boston road.

In the handsome brown-drab cottage in New Rochelle with Mrs. Clark, lives her son, Benjamin S. Clark, a patent lawyer of 21 Park row, and his wife. They sleep in a large room in the first story front. The house is about two hundred feet distant from any other. The frequency of burglaries in the suburbs of New York had often been the subject of conversation by the family. Mr. Clark, who is about thirty-five years of age, often declared that no burglars should ever get away with anything from that house if he were in it at the time. Convenient to his hand as he slept he

KEPT A SMALL REVOLVER.

At 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, 12th inst., Mrs. Clark, having been awakened by a noise, called out, "Julia, Julia," to ascertain whether it was made by her sister. There was no answer. Her husband being awakened by her voice, asked her what the matter was.

"There are thieves making a noise at the dining-room door," Mrs. Clark replied.

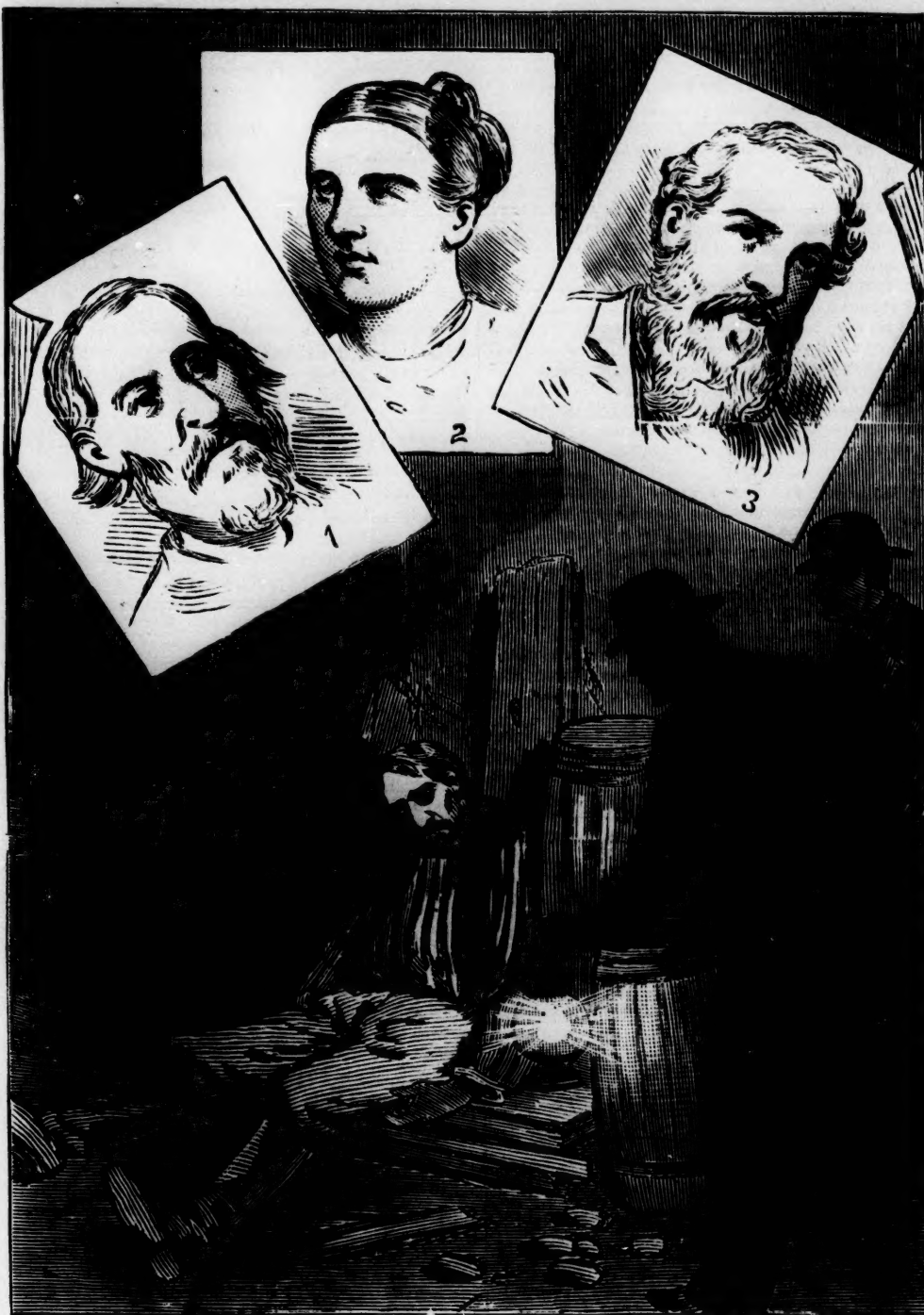
"What kind of a noise?" Mr. Clark inquired.

"They are fooling with the door," was the answer. The rest of the story is told in Mr. Clark's own words.

"I got out of bed and grasped my revolver, taking hold of it by the barrel, the butt extending beyond my hand. The gas in the main hall is always left burning and I turned it up as I passed under it, and through a door at the rear of the hall I could see the dining-room door. I went to the rear of the hall and examined it as carefully as I could, and listened. It did not move, but while I was listening I heard the door which opens out on to a narrow piazza at the house shake. As you stand close to the dining-room door, facing it, your right hand is toward a stairway whose bottom step is near your feet, and your left hand may grasp the knobs of the door.

OPENING OUTWARD ON THE PIAZZA.

I did not wonder that my wife had mistaken the shaking of one door for the other, they are so near together. Inside the piazza door is a second door with glass pannels opening inward. It is of use in summer to admit light when the outer door is open, and in winter to keep out the cold. It is always closed at night for additional security. Looking carefully



THE MEIERHOFFER MURDER, ORANGE, N. J.—DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF THE MURDERED MAN IN HIS CELLAR—1. JOHN MEIERHOFFER, THE VICTIM. 2—MRS. MEIERHOFFER 3—FRANK LAMMONS, THE TRAMP, ACCUSED OF THE MURDER BY MRS. MEIERHOFFER.—SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 8.

at this glass door I saw that it was ajar. Then it occurred to me that burglars had really been in the dining-room, as my wife had conjectured. I felt sure, at least, that they had been in the hall, else how could the glass door be open? I heard the door shake again. I pulled the glass door way open. Then, having changed the revolver barrel foremost in my hand, I called out in a loud, distinct voice:

"Who is there? I'm going to fire."

"Then I stepped forward and pushed the door again with considerable force, but I found it held shut by some man without. It yielded, however, enough for me to thrust the muzzle of my revolver through between it and the door-post. Then I called out three times:

"Fair warning—quick! Who is there?"

"I'M GOING TO FIRE."

There was no answer, and the pressure against the door continued. I looked through the crevice in the darkness, but I could see nothing. Then I fired twice. I did not mean to shoot anybody, not even a burglar. I meant to fire through the crack to frighten them away.

"I fired the second shot as quickly as I could after the first. Then the pressure from without ceased, and the door flew open. At once I saw and recognized my uncle Joseph. He stepped into the little hall beside me, wearing nothing but his red flannel night-shirt.

"My God! uncle," said I, "what are you doing here? I might have shot you."

"He passed me about a step, and for the first time he spoke.

"I think, Ben," he said, "you have shot me."

"With that he placed his right hand on the banister rail, and partly supported himself as he fell forward on his knees, and then on his face against the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, no, uncle," I cried, "I might have killed you, but I have not hurt you. You are scared."

"He made no reply. Then, changing the revolver from my right hand to my left, I put my right hand under his breast to assist him to arise, and

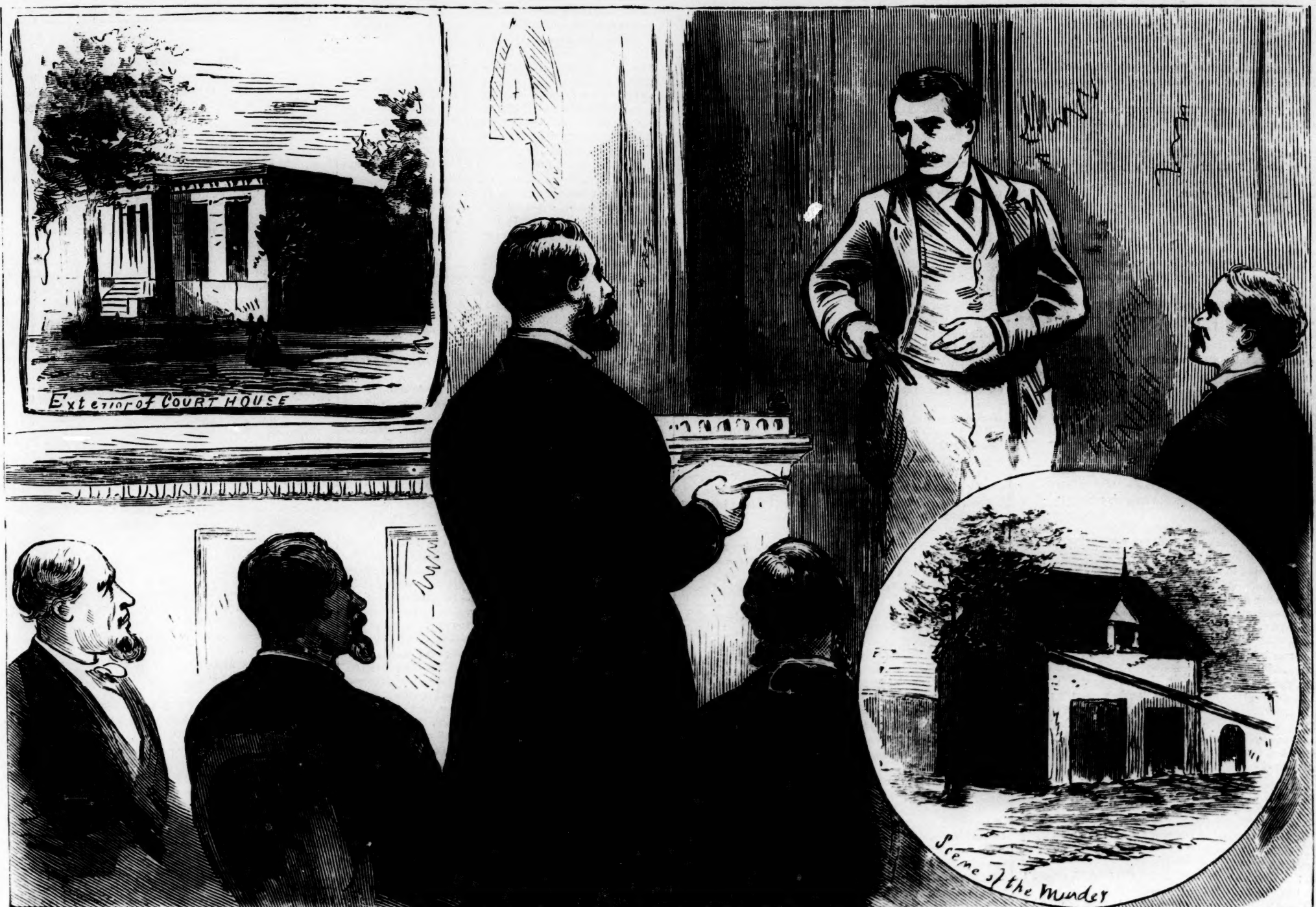
FELT THE WARM BLOOD FLOWING.

I called out to my wife that I had shot uncle, and in a moment the household was aroused. Dr. William L. Wells was sent for, and when he came he pronounced him dead. He never spoke after he fell."

Only one ball took effect.

Mr. Barker's feet were bare. It is presumed that the reason why he did not reply to his nephew's warning, but on the other hand, used all his strength to keep the door shut, was that he was not in readiness to have his nephew discover him. He was suffering from a painful disease, and lately had not been accustomed to go out of the house without attendance. A coroner's jury, impaneled during the day, exonerated Mr. Clark.

The Rev. W. J. Park has been ousted from the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Canton, Ohio, by his presbytery, in consequence of the exposure of his plan to elope with a married woman.



TRIAL OF JOSEPH A. BLAIR FOR THE MURDER OF HIS COACHMAN, JOHN ARMSTRONG, IN ESSEX COUNTY COURT HOUSE, NEWARK, N. J.—THE ACCUSED MAN ON THE WITNESS STAND DESCRIBING HOW THE FATAL SHOT WAS FIRED.—SKETCHED BY A GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 10.

THE MURDER IN THE MORGUE!

A New York Story of Crime and Mystery.

BY SARA GOLDTHWAITE.

Author of "THE MASKED BEAUTY," "DRIVEN TO HER DOOM," "THE STUDENT'S SWEETHEART," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

He paced the floor like a wild bull. Then, turning to the clerk, he said:

"I must see Dark. Take a *corsie* and scour the city for him."

The clerk withdrew by one door just as Dark, who had been listening, and who knew the ways of the house, entered by another.

Vandyke stood at the mantel. He was biting his lips

fiercely, and at last he said:

"Oh! the scoundrel. Can he have taken the money and gone away?"

Raising his eyes he saw his clerk and villainous confidant standing in the centre of the room. Vandyke turned hastily, livid with mortification and rage.

"Go away and leave my benefactor in trouble!" exclaimed the oily Dark, "most assuredly not."

And with the utmost sangfroid he sank into an easy chair.

"Dark," said Vandyke, advancing threateningly, "you have robbed me."

"Softly, softly," the wretch replied, "those are hard terms."

"You drew the money from the Tradesmen's Bank?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I needed some. I saw a chance to buy a villa on the Hudson upon which I have long had my eye."

This diabolical coolness almost deprived Vandyke of speech. When he recovered his tongue, he said hotly:

"You are a thief. I shall denounce you."

Dark changed in an instant. Advancing upon Vandyke, who backed before him, he hissed:

"Denounce and be damned. I, too, can denounce."

A cold sweat covered the face of Vandyke, who returned quickly to his chair. A few minutes after, he felt a hand on his shoulder:

"Let us talk," said Dark to him.

"Let us talk," repeated Vandyke after him mechanically.

"Of the two things," said Dark, "either you let me have the money, or you will expose me. Follow well my argument."

"I hear you."

"If you denounce me, I will denounce you. As it is, I will fix the note that is due for a month at least, and will loan you money to further your scheme. You will give me your note."

"What scheme?"

"Sir, you pain me; is it that your memory is failing you?" bantered Dark. "Ah! what! do you think (no more of Irene?)"

Vandyke was silent, his tormentor continued:

"If you let me alone, well—I will save you."

"What will you do?"

"But, you must choose," articulated Dark coldly.

"I will not molest you," Vandyke answered in a hoarse whisper.

"Now sign that power of attorney, authorizing me to transact all business for you."

"Sir?"

"Do as I tell you; sign it or I abandon you."

Like a leech Dark was draining the life-blood of the merchant.

Vandyke signed the paper.

"Now, said the false clerk cynically, "that our business has terminated, I will go to attempt to save you, but it will be difficult, I warn you, for your ruin was complete. I had nothing more to gain from you."

"What measures are you going to take?"

"With this paper I will find the means to arrange the note before the protest."

"Is the thing possible?"

"Yes, for no one knows of your suspension of payment."

"And after?"

"Afterwards you will have sufficient to pay all little bills. I know your position better than you do yourself: is it not so?"

Vandyke did not answer.

"Then," concluded Dark, "you will be easy for some time on this question."

"Yes, but—Birmingham—Billings," murmured Vandyke.

"Oh, that troubles you, does it, for instance —"

"This doctor, especially, annoys me."

"If you fear him why not have him watched?"

"But by whom?"

"By a man, of course—like myself."

The assertion of Dark was not very reassuring to Vandyke, for after thinking awhile:

"I only wanted to give my own intuition," said Vandyke.

"Ah, you are afraid?" sneered Dark.

"It is stronger than myself. I have a presentiment that Billings will recover his reason, and will speak before he dies—and —"

"And you would like to be there to prevent his avowals, is it not?"

"Yes, yes."

The two scoundrels regarded each other silently; each already reflecting by what means they could best establish themselves at the hospital.

The first to break the silence was Vandyke.

"You know Granger?" demanded he.

"I should think so," chuckled Dark.

"You know beside his functions as nurse, he is charged to watch over the dead?"

"Yes, I know that, and more still —"

"What then?"

"That Jacob is nurse in the ward where the man is."

"Where Dr. Billings is?"

"Precisely."

"Ah! in that case all happens for the best. Listen."

Dark bent his head towards Vandyke.

"Billings has only eight days to live," said the latter, in a low voice; "one of the women and the physician told me that to-day; it is necessary; then, that I watch over him as soon as possible. You go and arrange with Granger to give me his place, for a few days at least."

"Hold! that is a droll idea of yours," and Dark laughed heartily.

"You approve of it?"

"Yes, it is strong enough for any one who cannot do without me."

"Since you approve of it, you no doubt think it is possible not to lose sight of Billings until they deliver him to the scalpel or to the cemetery."

"And if he speak?"

"Under pretext of calming him in his delirium, I —"

and the wretch made a gesture as if strangling a man.

"Very well," said Dark, "but if they see you?"

"There is no danger; the curtains are always so tightly drawn, that no one, not even the neighboring patient, can see what passes in the beds."

"But we must have some money for Granger."

"No doubt. Haven't you some?"

"You are unreasonable, Vandyke."

"It is a service I beg of you to render me."

"Ah! if you ask for my service, it is different, then."

"But—the doctor dead—what will you do?"

"I will go abroad; in France, for instance —"

"The devil," thought Dark, "can he have a source of investing money that I do not know? It is possible, to judge by the manner in which he swallowed the pill of the Tradesmen's Bank."

He looked at Vandyke, who seemed to be waiting patiently for him to answer.

"Ah, well," said he, "though I risk a very large sum, I will arrange the affair with Granger, for frankly speaking, you interest me."

After arranging together different matters, in which Vandyke sought to raise himself in the eyes of his clerk, the two criminals separated, Dark to seek Granger, and Vandyke to occupy himself in getting up a disguise.

In two days, as had been agreed upon, Vandyke presented himself to take his place, on account of a sudden indisposition, as one of his cousins, for whom he would be responsible.

And Vandyke, his face covered with a false beard, and a blue apron around his waist, commenced his service at Bellevue Hospital.

CHAPTER XII. THE NIGHT WATCH.

Vandyke was hardly installed in his new functions when he rushed to the pillow of Dr. Billings. He hurried to see, if, during the two days, the health of the sick man had improved. The fever was the same, only the delirium seemed less intense; to the continued agitation had succeeded a heavy torpor, intermingled with groans and vague speeches.

All at once, the substitute of Granger put his hand under the pillow. He thought, perhaps, the sick man had placed some papers there which would give him trouble in the future. So he prudently inquired into it, but found nothing.

Vandyke, reassured, began attending to his duty, as if he had been a nurse at the hospital all his life.

He showed himself so zealous and intelligent that the coroner became quite enthusiastic over him.

They intended, even when Granger returned, to attach definitely to the hospital his cousin, who called himself Bernard.

Notwithstanding the care that he lavished on the other patients, the new nurse returned every moment to No. 93. He seemed to have an affection for it.

The female nurses and doctors, who had recognized the doctor, liked him all the better for his humanitarian attentions.

Moreover, every one at the hospital interested themselves in the poor victims.

That which Vandyke anticipated occurred, for the next day even, after his entering the hospital, he heard one of the physicians say to another that he was going to inquire into the cause of the sick man being in that position.

"Could the doctor, then, recover?" Vandyke asked himself.

If he got well he would speak, and with the aid of his protectors, all the truth would be made known. That should not be. The doctor must die.

Vandyke did not hesitate. From that time he set about taking care of the sick man.

First he commenced by omitting to give the potions he was told to administer to the dying man.

Soon the patient changed for the worse; delirium returned with greater force.

The doctors, who had hoped for a moment, soon saw that all treatment was useless and that this time science had been at fault.

They could not, however, explain this great change in the sick man. They examined to see if the medicines had been given when ordered. The bottles were empty, and the nurses certified that the new one had strictly obeyed their orders.

Who or what could then counteract the effects of their medicines?

In his false beard, the merchant laughed at their useless investigations. He knew well who could account for it.

Indeed, it was he who contrived to make way with the medicines intended for the doctor.

And instead of ice, he placed on the head of the doctor a wadded cushion, to increase the congestion.

When any one entered the ward, he went to his dear patient and placed a piece of ice on his head, and removed it instantly when they were gone.

One can easily conceive that with such treatment the doctor could not last long.

Soon, indeed, instead of asking "Is our brother better?" the doctors wished to know if he still lived. They waited for his last breath.

Vandyke had gained his end; he triumphed once again. And now he had not the patience to await the natural close of the drama.

He found the doctor too slow in dying, for he had great vitality.

He resolved to come to the aid of the patient more effectively than he had done before.

"Besides," said he with railleury, twisting his beard, "it will be rendering a service to both of us. I will spare him some suffering, and gain for myself precious time. Come, then; courage!"

Vandyke lost no time in finding a favorable occasion to execute his criminal plan.

One morning, after the visit of the doctor, and while the physicians were breakfasting, and the students had gone to prepare for their day's antics, he was left almost alone in the ward.

The other nurses were engaged, and there was near him only one woman, who was asleep over a book.

The villain softly approached his victim; he was afraid of alarming the one who he was going to plunge into an eternal sleep.

The doctor was lying pale, emaciated as a skeleton, his eyes shut and mouth open.

His sleep was disturbed; he was talking unintelligibly. At this spectacle the assassin felt not even a shudder of pity. He believed that the doctor in his sleep had pronounced his name. He hesitated no longer.

He bent over the doctor, as though to change his position, and, at the same time he applied the cushion to his head, and leaned with all his strength his elbow into the hollow of the doctor's breast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

The Vast Army of Citizens who Contemplate with Horror the Possibility of "Giving Up" for a Theatre Ticket.

ALL AMONG THE "DEAD-HEADS."

How the Insidious Disease, once Contracted, Permeates the Entire Being and Paralyzes the Purse.

THE LATEST IN "COMPLIMENTARIES."

By PAUL FROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

One of the most important glimpses of Gotham to be had just now is that through the opera glass.

The theatrical, concert, operatic and "nigger" minstrel business is in full blast, all the places of amusements are crowded, and if we may believe the managers who have been interviewed, with the exception of Max Maretzek, the future is flushed with golden promise.

As a rule I don't go much to theatres now; I am a little *thawed*, and it takes a good play to get me into a black coat after dinner and away from the comfortable chair where I sit and smoke, and ponder upon what an awfully wicked world this is, and how we ought to struggle and strive to make it a little better.

But lately I have dropped into two or three Thespian temples on the first nights, and feel more impressed with the fact than ever that while theatres may burn up, or be torn down and managers may go to the devil through the non-appreciation of the public, the noble army of first nighters will always flourish, and the dead-head system will never lose its grip.

I was at Wallack's, for instance, on the Saturday night when Boucicault presented his *Cremorne Garden* play to the best families of New York. A play so utterly nasty in some of its suggestiveness, although funny, that I couldn't enjoy even the humorous parts of it through fear of losing some of my dignity. For all I knew some of the vestrymen or members of the Committee on Poor Red Flannel—I mean Red Flannel for the Poor—might have been present, and I wouldn't have had them see me laugh for the world.

So I sat all through the evening as if it were a dentist's front parlor, and there were only two more visitors to yell "murder," before it came my turn.

I feel easy in expressing my opinion of the play, because I know it will not conflict with your critics. I met the estimable Marquis there, and we blushed together. We blushed, in fact, several times together.

But I have nothing to do with either good or bad plays. My purpose is to allude to the sameness of first nights, and to the prevalence of the dead-head custom.

For ten years past a certain number of club men have been sure to be around on the initial representation of a play. One by one they dropped in on the Saturday night I speak of. They always have good seats. Some pay, but others are on the regular list as dead-heads, and although they are willing to stand a bottle of wine after the performance, or even purchase a box for a benefit, the idea of "giving up" for an ordinary night strikes them with a cold horror.

After a while the management accept their first night demands for tickets, just as they would accept the dumb-*aque*—i. e., with resignation. You can't shake either them or the chills. There is a little consolation, however, in the reflection that they generally come in full dress, and so give tone to the house.

These, then, are the first rank of dead-heads, the impudent fellows with money who think that their presence is recompense enough.

After them come the newspaper men and members of the profession. The journalists can scarcely be called dead-heads since they have already furnished an equivalent by preliminary noticing, and are yet to give a more or less elaborate criticism.

The profession go in by courtesy, but not by right. Sometimes the management will shut down on them like a meat axe.

I don't mean, of course, that Edwin Booth, or Clara Morris couldn't get into the show for nothing, but in their case they would come in it in a high-toned style. They would write the note in their hotel and send it around by a nigger. And what is more they would always ask for a box.

It is the fellows who loaf about the lobby and try to pass the gate on greasy cards and handbills, who are sometimes bounced.

Well, you've got to draw the line somewhere. If I was giving grand opera at the Academy at \$3 a seat, I should kick a little about passing a cannon-ball tosser, or the tattooed Greek.

I came across that old story the other day, and it's good enough to re-print, since it bears on the subject, about the song and dance men who were smart enough to get through under difficulties. Here it is:

While Mr. Schoeffel of the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, was managing Edwin Adams the company stopped one night at Utica, N. Y. After looking after all the local newspapers Mr. Schoeffel quietly sat down on free tickets and said that not another one should be issued. Just before the doors were opened Mr. Schoeffel said to Smith, the agent, "Now, George, I'm too well known in this town to take that lower door. You manage that and I'll go up-stairs, where no one will see me; and mind, now, we've got a full house and not a dead-head goes in to-night. Mr. Schoeffel was quietly pulling in the tickets at the balcony door when he saw two young fellows, about the same age and dressed precisely alike, edging up to the door. "Hullo, Cully," said one of them. The manager went on taking tickets. "Hullo, Cully," came again. "I don't know who you are calling to," replied Mr. Schoeffel; "if you mean me, my name is not Cully." "Now, look here, young fellow, don't you give us any taffy; I want to know if you're going to pass two blokes in?" "Two blokes?" said the manager; "no, I'm not going to pass two blokes in." "What! you don't mean to say that you are not going to pass the profesh?" "The what?" "Why, the profesh, young feller, and putting his hand on the shoulder of his companion, the two dancers clattered off the "Down-among-the-roses" step. "Well, yes," said the manager; "if I know you, I'll pass you." "Well, I don't suppose you do," the spokesman replied; "we're McGlinigan and McGlinigan." "I don't think I can do anything for you," Mr. Schoeffel said. "Say, young feller," McGlinigan replied, "do you know Mr. Queen, of the New York *Clipper*?" "Certainly." "Well, do you know that he's a friend of mine, and that if I should

write him how you've treated us he'd make it unpleasant for you?" "I don't know," said the manager; "perhaps you had better try." "Well, I would if I only knew your name." "There's no trouble about that; my name is Schoeffel." The dancer took out a sheet of paper, and putting it against the wall, began to write. "How do you spell it?" The manager seized the paper and wrote in a large, rolling hand, "John B. Schoeffel," and gave it to the dancer. "Now," said the latter, "I'll give you three-quarters of a column in the *Clipper*." Three minutes later Smith came up-stairs, and, shaking a paper in the manager's face, said, "I thought you weren't going to issue any passes to-night? I sent these fellows up to you, and in ten minutes they came back, threw that pass at me and said that at least the manager of the concern was a gentleman." Schoeffel said, "No, that's my signature; but look at that 'Pass two' written over it. Does that look like my writing?"

When a play don't draw in New York, the extent to which the house will be papered is something appalling.

And sometimes you will never know it, but keep as steadily imagining that the theatre is doing a tremendous business, and that it won't be long before the manager begins to build rows of brown-stone French plats up-town.

And all the time the manager is wondering how he can ever be able to rake together enough to pay salaries on the next Monday. How is it done? It's the easiest thing in the world.

The agent of the theatre takes a pocketful of seats, so selected that they are by no means bunched, and starts out on a distributing cruise. It is his design to dispose of his deadhead tickets to people of the utmost respectability and social position. He wants the occupants of the stalls to be well dressed, and has no objection to diamonds being worn by the ladies.

He manages to secure this exclusive clientele without knowing one of them, in the following manner:

Entering a big store like Lord & Taylor's, he goes to the floor-walker and hands him twenty or thirty seats, the best for the walker himself. The man knows what to do.

When Mrs. De Courcy or Mrs. Montmorency roll up to the door and saunter into the establishment in quest of lace or gloves, the floor-walker, who is on terms of easy familiarity with all old customers, presents the tickets, after ascertaining that the evening is free.

That night at dinner old Montmorency and De Courcy are informed that they are to go to the play. The carriages rattle up to the entrance, and as the deadheads get out and sweep pompously to their gratuitous places the loungers become simultaneously impressed with the high-toned character of the audience, and the success of the attraction.

It is related of Sothorn that he obtained his foothold in London by papering the house for two weeks and turning many away.

Deadheadism is a disease. It belongs to the same fascinating category with free-lunches. I know a gentleman of wealth who will pay cab-hire to visit the opening of a new saloon where something to eat and drink can be had for nothing, and it is equally true that once the mania gets its fangs into a theatre-goer, once he has tasted blood he is N. G. for all purposes of profit, so far as the house is concerned.

You can't call it meanness. When I was dramatic critic of the *Miner's Beacon of Light*, a paper published many years ago in the Bible House, I had a chum whom I used to take to the theatre.

He was always intoxicated with delight, (later on in the evening it was rum and molasses) at the prospect of getting something for nothing, and insisted upon my having supper with him in the Old Tom's Chop House, in Thames street, now gone.

That and the grog between acts, together with the Welsh rarebit and the Scotch ale at the old Shakespeare saloon on Broadway, below Thirteenth street, before we went home to dream that our dead and gone grandmothers were throwing back somersaults on our stomachs, used to make his dollar and a half seat cost him about \$10.

But he was none the less convinced that he was a devilish lucky dog, and that to get ahead of the theatre was about equal to winning a battle.

You see the same spirit among railroad deadheads. The man who has been stung by a pass never recovers. If he has to pay for a ticket he is almost mad enough to wish there might be an accident, so that he could get mashed and go in for damages against the company.

The bill-board and window lithograph tickets have their especial nights, but as with the papers, it is a case of fair exchange with their holders.

In the country the pressure is terrible. T. B. Pugh, the veteran manager, tells the following story. I clip it from the *Philadelphia Times*:

"The Fosters, of Pittsburg, were playing at Bucyrus, Ohio. Richard III. was announced, and when 8 o'clock came a single man sat solitary and alone in the middle of the orchestra. There was, of course, the usual collection of country youths before the door, and the manager looked into the empty hall and said: 'Come, this won't do; we might as well throw open the doors and invite them all in.' The company were called together in the meantime, and, after some discussion, it was decided that the townspeople should not come in free. It would encourage dead-headism, at the same time establishing a dangerous precedent in the town. So the audience of one chose an eligible position, and, cocking his feet on the seat in front of him, waited for the performance to begin. The curtain was rung up and the play commenced. Never did the actors do better. The audience applauded vigorously at different points, and at times insisted upon an encore, which the company, impressed with the ludicrousness of the situation, gracefully responded to."

There is a very neat idea just gotten out by an enterprising lager beer man on Fourteenth street. In addition to selling good beer, he furnishes a concert every evening. To obtain an audience he issues regular tickets with "Admission—One Dollar" prominently printed at the bottom of the card. Across the face is stamped in red figures the word "Complimentary."

Now the joke is this, one of course which was not intended by the proprietor: You take a handful of these tickets and have them always with you.

Knowing that you are a newspaper man, Mr. Deadhead on the street, or Mr. Deadhead in the hotel or boarding house, swoops down upon you with:

"Got any tickets about you? I'd like to go somewhere to-night."

"How are you on concerts?" you ask.

"Bang-up concerts?"

"Dollar a ticket."

That lands him. He eagerly replies:

await the moment when Mr. Deadhead, Mrs. Deadhead and the aunt with the liver complaint come sailing in.

The first thing that strikes them will be the *Schweitzer* house, and then—

But why continue the picture? Let us pause here and cipher on how much the aunt will leave the young man when the liver has done its fell work, and the maiden aunt has gone to join the shadowy deadhead audience that crowds the dim theatre of the Future, watching the play that has no last act—the drama of Eternity.

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE BARBER.

His Sharp Dealings and Mysterious Practices.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

He may be a Rooshian, or a Frenchman, or a Prooshian and he very frequently is an I-tal-ian, but it's greatly to the credit of the Anglo-Saxon race that you very rarely find him an American. My particular, personal barber is a German. His name is Gohr. Appropriate name! If you don't believe me, go and hire him to shave you.

Not being a blood-thirsty Lynx, I hate Gohr. But, loathe him as I may, I may not leave him. In a moment of fatal weakness I bought a shaving cup from him, and became his vassal. It stands on the third shelf, second box from the glass. My name is on it, Lynx in the chain of my serfdom which I long to break, but dare not.

Why?

Whisper! There is a sausage shop next door, and I have not forgotten Sweeney Todd!

I once tried the experiment. I had been spending the night with a friend in the gin trade, and felt courageous. Didn't care a schiedam for any barber in fact. He was whetting his razor as if it had been a broadaxe when I remarked:

"I say, Gohr."

"Yes, sir; say away."

"I've been thinking of leaving you."

"Of what, sir?"

There was the gleam of roused ferocity in his eye. My heart began to crawl towards my boots, and I wished I had taken another of those schiedams before I came down town.

"I am going to move out of town."

"Where to, sir?"

"Oh, only to Newark. But still, you see, I won't be able—"

"Oh, not at all, sir. Now that the elevated road is running, all you have to do is jump into a car, and here you are: and a pleasant ride into the bargain. Don't you see?"

The sunlight flashed on his razor blade, and his fingers dabbled the lather on my neck right over the carotid. I couldn't help seeing, under the circumstances, and all I could say was:

"I never thought of that, to be sure."

If I had only said Chicago now, or San Francisco! But then he would probably have objected to my leaving town at all. Anyhow, the attempt was a failure. And worse than that he made me buy seven dollars' worth of hair tonic, cosmetics, and the like, on the plea that I would need them on Sundays when I couldn't come to town. I gave them to an Italian bootblack at the next corner. I fancy he imagined that the cosmetic was candy, for he was eating it when I saw him last.

It must not be supposed that, because I am now the hand-slave, so to speak, of Gohr and of the cup, that he is the only barber I have met in my wanderings. My experience has been an extensive one, as my scars will testify. I have been flayed by so many nationalities that, to use a vulgarism, I have come to the conclusion that the business of depilation is a universal skin. I only need to be scalped now to have my practical knowledge of the barber's craft complete.

This suggests a theory. It is asserted that the gentle savages, who are now keeping our troops busy being killed among the Colorado hills are led by numerous renegades, whose deadly ferocity can only take its rise out of some great real or fancied wrongs. May they not be barbers, ruined by the five-cent-shave movement, and maddened by deep draughts of bay rum, which customers, have refused to be lured into paying extra for? It would not be a bad idea to catch one and vivisect him. The mysteries of the barber's mind might then be solved.

We might learn then why he always insists upon talking when you want to ruminate, and why he never, by any chance, talks the commonest kind of sense. We might also find out why his breath so invariably smells of Hunter's Point, thinly disguised with Florida water or hair oil. We might ascertain, too, why he is always eating suspicious lunches when you are in a hurry, and why he always licks his fingers, wipes them on his hair and then commences to rub the lather into your jaw with them. The minor facts that he always shaves you so close that you suffer from a rash, that he blinds you with bay rum, pomades you till you reek like a candle factory, and invariably crops your hair when you only want it to be trimmed, are explicable on the grounds of a naturally malignant spirit. But why does he always try to sell you bill-board tickets when he knows you wouldn't go to the theatre if you had a box, and why is he such an infernal liar?

Your hair may be as black as a raven's wing or the record of a Tammany politician, and anchored to your scalp like a Brooklyn bridge tower, but he will swear to you that it is turning white at a six-days-a-go-as-you-please gait, and commencing to fall out by the peck. Offer to let him lift you out of the chair by it and he will only smile sadly and shake his head, as if to say, "Poor, besotted soul! You'll find out different in the course of fifty years or so."

It is a significant fact that you always find a barber shaves himself. He knows too much to let anybody else do it for him. I was acquainted with one barber who always used to wash me at a certain spot on my left cheek. I noticed that everybody else who came under his razor suffered the same disfigurement. One day chance explained it to me. I saw him shaving himself. There was a mole on his left cheek which he cut every time he shaved himself. The gashes he dispensed to us were in retaliation.

It was this barber who used to shave the bald-headed man. That personage was a stout, elderly gentleman, who had no more hair on his head than could be discovered with a microscope on a cobblestone. Yet, the barber had persuaded him that by having his head shaved regularly he could produce a fresh growth that would be a credit to a Circassian girl. He would come in of a hot afternoon, sink into a chair with a grunt and go to sleep. Then the barber would lather his head with great symmetry and care, go over it once with the back of his razor and charge him a quarter for the job.

I once went into a barber shop in Bleeker street to get shaved. It was a barber shop of the African persuasion, down six steps in a cellar that smelled of mould. A thin growth of fungus hung to the ceiling, and the walls were

clammy with a faint greenish slime. A back door which seemed to open on the bottomless pit permitted a circulation of air that would have made an Exquimaux shudder. On the walls were portraits of Hicks, the pirate, and other celebrities. There was a rickety stand with two mirrors and a lot of cups labelled "Friendship's Gift," "When This You See, Remember Me," "Forget Me Not," and the like. I shall never forget them. I never saw dirtier china in my life.

The barber was a mulatto with a squint. He chewed tobacco copiously, with a noise like a cow munching hay. He jammed me down in a chair, shoved my head so far back on the rest that I felt my windpipe splitting across, and draped my manly bosom with a towel which looked as if he had been using it as a handkerchief. Then he began to talk to his assistant, who was snipping pieces from the ear of a victim who wanted his hair cut. The victim, happily for himself, was drunk. He took his wounds for mosquito bites, and every time a fragment of his person joined the ensanguined heap on the floor he would slap his bleeding face and grunt:

"Umph! Damn them skeeters! Hurry up, boss, or they won't leave enough of me to swear by."

I was about to suggest decapitation as the shortest cut to the end the assistant was drawing at, when my turn came. The barber made a sweep over my face that almost pulled my backbone out, and asked:

"How you like de razor, boss?"

"Good enough," I said; "only hurry up."

"It ort to be good anyways," said the barber, shaving a sandwich off my other cheek. "It am de boss razor, shuah."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sah. I don't want no better razor dan dis yer one. I done tell yer now. Yer see dat speck dar, boss?"

The speck was a red rust smear that made my blood run cold.

"Well, sah, dat war Jim Jonsing. He'm dead now. An' yer see dat one?"

I did.

"Dat war Sam Smiff. Julius! wha' de debbil ebber come ob Sam Smiff?"

"He'm round yit, walkin' on crutches."

My barber chuckled in demoniac glee. "Dey generally does want crutches or coffins," he said. "Well, sah, dis yer nick here war Jim Peters. I done tote him: 'Jim,' says I, 'yer luff dat gal lone or I cut youah heart out.'"

"Yer cut nuffin," he says. "Drap dat razor, or I bricks youah brains out!" Dat war 'nuff fo' me, sah. I gin him one gash, an'—

A howl of anguish interrupted the thrilling recital. Julius had become so interested in the narrative that he had commenced to cut the inebriated customer's nose off. When I gained the street my barber and his assistant were as busy as mince meat choppers, and I fancied a voice called from the dark doorway:

"Hurry up, now! The oven's red hot, and if we don't have them pies ready when the wagon gets round, there'll be hell to pay and nothing to pay it with."

Will you have bay rum, sir? The barber was shaking me by the shoulder. I had been asleep.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Louis XI.—Boucicault and the Newspapers—The New Play at the Union Square—Jefferson—Col. Mapleson and Other Operatic Matters—Gossip.

I didn't go to see Boucicault as Louis XI, on Saturday night. This was all the more monstrous in me in that his son made his debut. But I can't help it; I have passed the Boucicaultian age, and like him the more the less I see or hear from him. This will not worry Boucicault; it doesn't hurt me. I am only mad when he gets to crying in the newspapers as he is doing at present, for then I sometimes read about half a stick of theatrical matter before I discover the nigger in the woodpile—the snake in the grass—by which rather crude remarks, I mean before I "tumble" to Dion and his old tricks. When he is stuck with a theatre, and has turned out some particularly bad plays he writes as many letters to the newspapers as the Englishman in Egypt, who can't get a shower-bath and London chow-chow, sends home to the *Times*. Just now Dion has the *cauchette* *scribendi* very bad, and I warn all those of my way of thinking to carefully examine every newspaper article before perusing. I wouldn't be surprised to come across him sometime in the Washington despatches.

I read what was said about Louis XI, however, and it would appear to have been an indifferent performance. The young man did well, and I wish him success. He ought to study up "My Awful Dad" for a second appearance.

Les Lointaines de M. Blum will be produced Monday at the Union Square under the title of "French Flats." It is said to be very indecent. If it is Mr. Palmer may be considered as being engaged in a managerial struggle with Mr. Wallack, who has at present a monopoly of the lewd drama.

"Wives" is an appropriate title for Bronson Howard's play that is to follow "Divorce" at Daly's theatre to-night, (Saturday). Let us hope that it will be more sensible than some of the assinine productions Mr. Howard has been sending to English magazines while abroad.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle at the Grand Opera House during the week. This is not a new play, although it is understood that Mr. Jefferson intends to appear in one. If he does it will be evidence to me that his mind is wandering. What is the use of studying if the public are pleased with rags and tatters?

"Across the Atlantic" has been the play at the Olympic during the week. It would appear to have been written when the author was half seas over.

"Contempt of Court" continues at Wallack's. My contempt for the piece continues also. But it is funny. Go in a red wig and a dogskin cap, and sneak up into the gallery, just for the fun of the thing.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—it is also not a new play—will follow "Enchantment" at Niblo's. It is also announced at Haverly's.

The Folly has gone up again. When the company get down to a chorus of one and an orchestra of two, there was one of two things to be done. They did it.

Paula-Marie is the best Boulotte in the opera of "Barbe-Bleue" that we have ever had here. I congratulate Maurice Grau on the successes he is scoring at the Fifth Avenue with his French company.

Colonel Mapleson was in a box at the Fifth Avenue the other night with Ambre, his new *prima donna*. She may

be a great singer, but she is by no means hand-somer than the much quoted mud fence. This is the lady whom Mme. Rumor says was a "Royal Favorite" abroad. But kings have peculiar tastes.

Brooklyn enjoyed Italian opera during the past week, thanks to the Strakosch troupe. His *prima* are La Blanche, Davenport, Litta and Singer. Now Litta is another terribly plain woman, with a mouth like Soldene's, but not quite as expansive. As a matter of fact, there are not many pretty singing birds about this season. I miss Marie Roze. You could say what you choose about her upper or lower notes, but you couldn't deny her beauty.

Jo-ffy, the pianist, has made a hit. But to see a thunderbolt crawling over the keys, you want to watch Ketten. While playing the "Ruins of Athens" he does a contortion act.

Mr. William J. Fleming, pleasantly remembered here as the former manager of Niblo's Garden, has made a pronounced success as Badger, in "The Poor of New York," at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, where that familiar drama has been produced with fine scenic effects and a strong cast. Mr. Fleming is now the stage manager of the National, and his wide experience doubtless contributes largely to the success of the present season at that house.

Barney Macauley's company, playing "A Messenger from Jarvis Seaton," are doing a great business in the West. Miss Jessie Randolph has made a decided hit, and is declared by Mr. Macauley the most prominent juvenile lady he has ever engaged. The company were at Detroit on the 13th, 14th and 15th; Jackson, Mich., on the 16th, and Grand Rapids on the 17th and 18th. Thence Chicago.

The San Francisco Minstrels have a very funny sketch called "No Pinafore."

"Chowder" is still the popular dish at the Comique.

Gus Williams made a big hit in Boston with his new play.

Bartley Campbell can write two plays in twenty-four hours, fair heel-and-toe.

It's nice to be loved, but no Florence McDonald for me. Your intense young woman is generally calculated to make you uncomfortable.

Campanini looks like an Italian guy when he walks on Broadway. What's to prevent these singers dressing like human beings?

"On Bail," a play like "Contempt of Court," is underlined at the Park. Back seats will be reserved for people who blush.

Montaland, who used to be here in Fisk's time, wears dresses in Paris that cost 12,000 francs. She may be considered as a young woman who puts on a good deal.

Everybody asks Bartley Campbell to take a drink now.

The show and circus men are erratic and uncertain of whereabouts, but at last comes a time when they settle down and have a fixed habitation. Dr. Spaulding is living on his money in Saugerties, N. Y. Yankee Robinson is an actor in western theatres. Ben Maginley, Tony Pastor and Frank Pastor, formerly clowns, are also on the theatrical stage. Andrew Haight, once owner of the Great Eastern Circus, is keeping a hotel in Chicago. Of other proprietors, Joseph Cushing is farming in New Hampshire; J. M. Nixon is managing a theatre in Chicago; Montgomery Queen is interested in Brooklyn street railroads; Levi North is also living in Brooklyn; W. J. Met. cheer keeps a hotel in Providence; George K. Goodwin runs two theatres and a dollar-store in Philadelphia; Eaton and Daniel Stone are farming in New Jersey; R. E. J. Miles owns a Cincinnati theatre; Burr Robbins is lecturing in the West on temperance, and Cooper, of Cooper & Bailey, keeps a horse mart in Philadelphia; Dan Rice, after many ups and downs, is building a floating theatre to run on the Mississippi. Barnum, Forepaugh, Robinson and Lent are about the only old proprietors still in the business.—*Music Trade Review*.

"Hobbies" has done well at Haverly's.

The *Music Trade Review* says: "There seems to have been a difficulty between Director Chizola and the husband of 'La Diva Patti,' M. de Munk. We suppose that by the diplomatic tact of the acting manager, Signor De Vivo, the affair has been amicably settled, and peace will be enjoyed till the next outbreak of passion in the breast of one or the other artists of the troupe."

There is one bad thing about the success of "My Partner" at the Union Square: It has started all the other native dramatists upon new plays.

MARQUIS OF LORQUETTE.

At Cedarville, O., on the 14th Dode Mitchell, colored, was found guilty by the Court of Common Pleas of Greene county of assault with attempt to rape. The assault was committed on the person of Mrs. Anna Hampton.

A DARING ROBBERY was committed at Palmyra, Ill., on the 11th, by a band of masked robbers, who entered the storehouse of Solomon & Martin, general merchants. The large safe was blown open, and the contents, amounting to nearly \$2,000, taken; also other valuables. No trace of the burglars. A large reward offered for their capture.

In Cincinnati on the 12th, Andrew Meyer, a man about fifty years of age, who had been employed as a driver of a wagon for the widow of Kasper Meyer, was killed during a row in Picket alley in the western part of the city. A man named Dolan is supposed to have struck the fatal blow, but the entire party were implicated and nothing definite is known.

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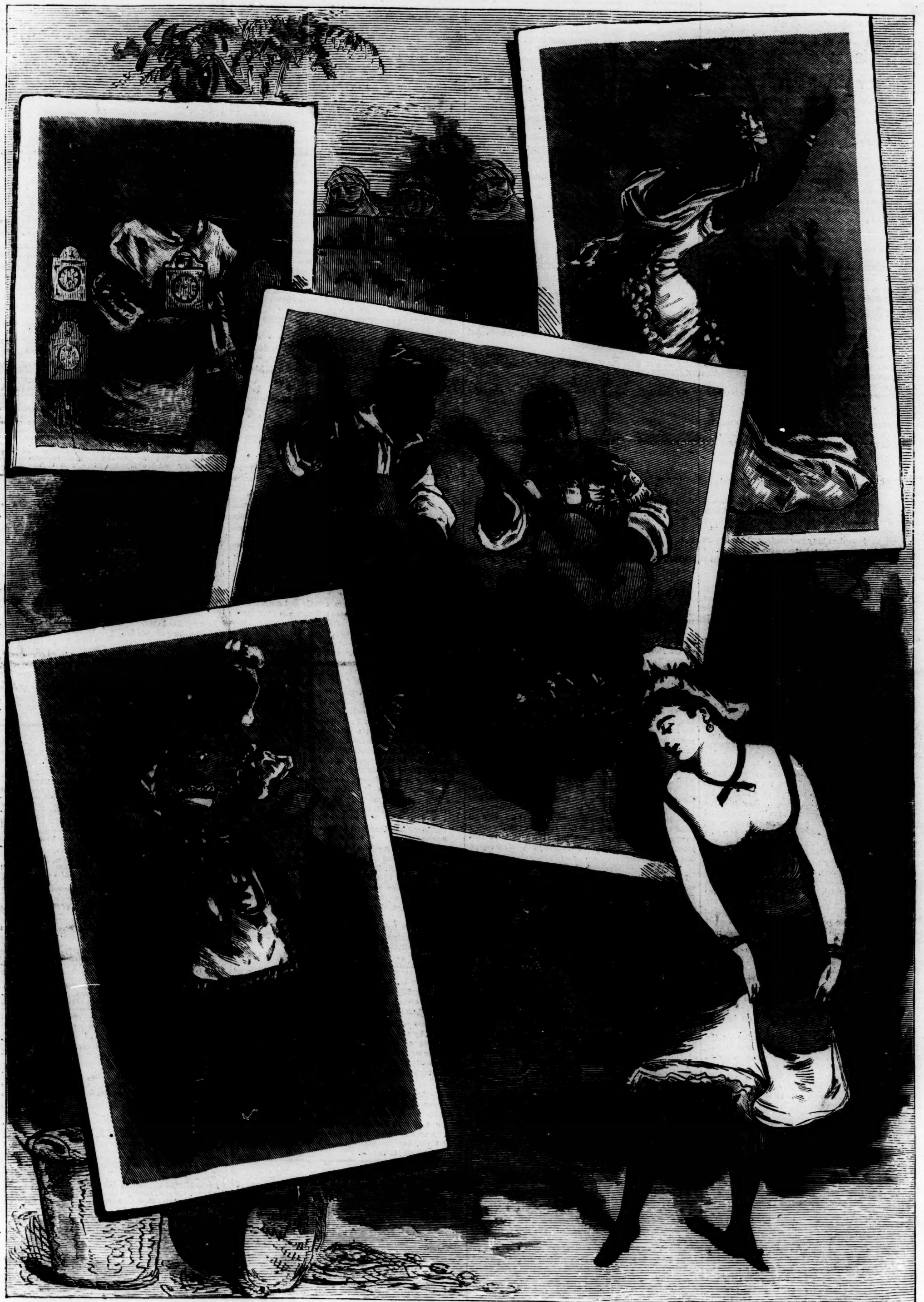
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